

The Elks

Magazine

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MAY, 1933

CENTRAL EDITION

Containing Additional News of
Central States Lodges



In this Issue: Mystery — Romance — Conviviality



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THE HAIRY APE

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS

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Something About This Number

IT IS a pleasure to present this month to our happy readers an article that is as thirst-provoking as a pretzel, as mellow as the finest product of the *braumeister's* art and as nourishing to the spirit as good barley malt is to the body. To oldsters "A Stein on the Table" will bring back memories of good cheer, good fellowship and good drink, while to members of the post-prohibition generation it unfolds vistas, never before dreamed of, of a side of life that was as delightful as it has been dead these past thirteen years. Every lover of a good brew will hail Frank Shay as a prophet of the true faith.

GEORGE CREEL'S frequent contributions of colorful, swift-moving biographies of outstanding individuals of the not-so-distant past, have made him one of the most popular of ELKS MAGAZINE authors. You remember his pieces on John Jacob Astor, Russel Sage, Cornelius Vanderbilt and other builders of mighty fortunes? And the tale of that astonishing rogue, soldier and lusty liver, Francisco de Carbajal? Heretofore Mr. Creel's heroes have been distinguished more by their violence and rapacity than by their piety, but in Father Peter John De Smet, "The Man Who Hated Gold," he deals with a truly saintly character in whom all thought of self was lost in the burning zeal of his mission. Dedicated to the work of the Church among the plains and mountain Indians in the bloody days of the settling of the West, this able, devoted but doomed-to-be-defeated Belgian missionary performed feats of diplomacy, of exploration, and of physical daring and endurance not overtopped in the life of any piratical freebooter. His is a magnificent story of unstinted devotion to an ideal, a devotion so great that it caused him to refuse, time and again, any honor of the Church that might remove him from his chosen field.

TO ELKS in particular is given this year a very special opportunity to combine, in one week, a visit to a great annual institution, the Grand Lodge Convention, with one to a great specialty, "A Century of Progress," Chicago's celebration of her hundred years of history. Milwaukee, the scene in July of the 1933 Grand Lodge Convention, is but a short distance from Chicago and few visitors to the Convention will wish to deprive themselves of an inspection of the new sort of World's Fair. Certainly no one reading Mildred Masters' article in this issue of the magazine will willingly refuse this opportunity. Whether or not you are planning at this time to visit Milwaukee and Chicago you will be interested in Miss Masters' report of the most amazing exhibition ever planned.

AN announcement of interest to all Elks, particularly Lodge secretaries and correspondents, will be found on page 25.

Joseph T. Fanning
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Charles S. Hart
Business Manager

Bruce McClure
Managing Editor



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cation Commission

The Elks Magazine

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND
PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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Cover Design by Orson Lowell

"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."

—From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

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Every time he takes a Bath the Water turns to GOLD!



GHOULS OF THE TOWER OF SILENCE

Waiting for the next mortal to die, vultures perch on The Tower of Silence! Religion commands that no corpse may pollute the earth, contaminate the sea or be consumed by fire. So the nude dead are thrown into this circular stadium, to be devoured by these ghouls of the air.



BEAUTIFUL HOMES OF HORROR

Behind these carved temple walls are the idols before which priests perform unspeakable rites — and "wives of the gods" are carefully trained.

HOLY, HOLY! Grotesque, horrible, crazy eyes staring through matted hair — all but naked. No wonder the excesses of The Holy Men must be carried out in the name of sanctity!

TO THIRTY MILLION PEOPLE the Aga Khan is so holy that even the water in his bathtub is carefully saved! Then, once a year, it is sold to his devoted followers! The price paid for this holy water is the Aga Khan's own weight, to the ounce, in GOLD. Fantastic? Yes — but it's TRUE! How would YOU like to journey to far Nepal? Guarded by the skyscraping Mt. Everest, this incredible kingdom has remained unpenetrated for over a thousand years. The Last Home of Mystery! Tourists, missionaries, are banned. On the fingers of one hand you can count the Americans who have ever been admitted. Out of a population of 6,000,000 there are only SEVEN white persons!

The Worship of Unclean Gods

Now, in this amazing book of adventure, Col. E. Alexander Powell tells the true story of the strangest land left on earth, NEPAL! — where gorgeous temples hide depraved ceremonies. Where men and women degrade their faces with vile symbols — and are insulted if you offer them anything with your left hand! Where orgies are the established services in shrines. Yet so gripping is this religion that a quarter million tattered fanatics crawl upward along the icy Chandragiri Mountain Pass, leaving their dead behind — just for a sight of the holy city!

"Unclean Gods," the third chapter of this astonishing volume, is a revelation of the abominations practiced in the name of religion. It tells the unvarnished truth about

heathen idols; about temple women who are the "wives of the gods"; about monstrous "marriage ceremonies"; about the training in viciousness that starts in the cradles of Nepal.

What Is "Serpent-Love"?

What is Serpent-Love? — the weird malady that produces a wild craving to be bitten by poisonous snakes in order to live? What prince owns forty-two Rolls-Royces? Why has another decorated his palace with American slot machines?

What happens to women in the Zenanas? What are the religious functions of dancers, temple girls, priests, holy men, fakirs? Why is the meaning of the Tantrist scriptures suppressed? What secrets are concealed in the dark retreats of palaces, temples, pagodas and monasteries of Nepal — under bronze and stone monsters?

"The Last Home of Mystery" tells authentically. Astounding facts cram its 325 pages. Illustrated with many exclusive photographs, handsomely bound in cloth with special map end-papers, this remarkable book sold originally for \$4. Now it is only ONE DOLLAR! What is more, you may examine this best-seller free for 5 days before you decide whether or not you wish to add it to your library. Send no money with the coupon. Simply indicate which books listed below you wish to examine free — they will be mailed at once!



A DUMBER! The earnings which fanatics of this caste make are used to further extend the "liberties" openly practiced in this Last Home of Mystery.

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THE Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., is maintained as a residence for aged and indigent members of the Order. It is neither an infirmary nor a hospital. Applications for admission to the Home must be made in writing, on blanks furnished by the Grand Secretary and signed by the applicant. All applications must be approved by the Subordinate Lodge of which the applicant is a member, at a regular meeting, and forwarded to the Secretary of the

Board of Grand Trustees. The Board of Grand Trustees shall pass on all applications.

For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Title I, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 60a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home, address A. Charles Stewart, Home Member Board of Grand Trustees, Frostburg, Md., No. 470, 7 West Union Street.



The magnificent Home of Milwaukee Lodge, the Convention Host

1933 Grand Lodge Convention At Milwaukee, Wis.

Bulletin No. 3

A JOYOUS time, with gay carnival aspects . . . a season of fun and frolic is proclaimed by the officers and convention board of Milwaukee Lodge, No. 46, in reminding the Elks of America that all Elkdom will gather in Milwaukee, one of America's most famous cities, for the annual national convention of the Order, July 16 to 21!

It is to be a round-up of the spirit of departed days, a step from the stupor of a bewildered surrounding into a rehabilitated life!

To the thousands of Elks who will join in the convention at Milwaukee, and partake of its fine psychology and spirit of optimism, the officers and convention board of No. 46 give the word that this year's convention will be another spiritual rejuvenation for Elkdom.

A great festival is being prepared for you. . . . Laughter and song and music . . . swaying dancing and merry jest . . . sorrows and heartaches and somber disappointments will have no quarter. Open your eyes to a grand awakening of the fraternal good-fellowship and patriotic devotion that Milwaukee holds forth! We turn poetic to help you catch the spirit:

Just as the silvery summer shall begin to turn its harvests into the granaries of plenty . . . just before the golden autumn shall dawn . . . just as the red-checked apples begin to mellow and the luscious grapes don their robes of royal purple, then a mighty carnival of fun and frolic will unfold in Milwaukee, its myriads of mirth-making frivolities to gladden the hearts of all Elks. This is a picture of Milwaukee, out where the Golden West begins, out where the Elks of America will gather in July! Can you resist it?

Now to turn practical-minded to give credibility to the poetry:

Milwaukee enjoys a climate that is delightful. The tempering influences of Lake Michigan, whose waters lick the shores of the ground upon which the Milwaukee clubhouse is situated, assure moderate temperatures and sufficient moisture to make the city comfortable and healthful. . . . July is especially delightful in Milwaukee.

The certified records of the Federal Weather Bureau in Milwaukee reveal the average temperature of each of the first twenty days in the month of July, for the past sixty years, to

National Ritualistic Contest

The Ritualistic Contest will be held as usual at the Grand Lodge Convention at Milwaukee.

Time—July 17th and 18th, 1933, at two P. M.

Place—Elks Lodge Room, Milwaukee.

Prizes—\$1,000.00 National Ritualistic Championship cup, and cash as follows:

1st prize—\$150.00 in addition to cup

2nd prize—\$75.00

3rd prize—\$25.00

For further information and copy of rules, communicate with David Sholtz, Chairman of the Ritualistic Committee, at Tallahassee, Florida. Entries must be filed with the Chairman not later than June 15th, 1933.

be 70 degrees continually. There is no summer climate more pleasant than that afforded by Milwaukee, and the state of Wisconsin . . . that is why both metropolis and state are called the delightful playground of the West!

Milwaukee is irresistible. Milwaukee is centrally located. The travel burden is light . . . almost overnight a train ride will bring you to Milwaukee, and by automobile, Milwaukee is reached easily over a network of hard surface highways radiating in all directions and connecting with transcontinental routes. Two air transport lines serve Milwaukee . . . one between Chicago, Minneapolis and St. Paul, and the other crosses Lake Michigan to Detroit.

Milwaukee is a gracious host . . . and don't forget, beer is back! Milwaukee has comfortable and commodious hotel accommodations provided by forty excellent modern, high class hostels and with other rooms available, 60,000 Elks can live in Milwaukee as comfortably the week of the convention as if they were a part of the native population.

All hotels are under contract with the Elks,

hence all hotel reservations must be made direct with Eugene Trimberger, Chairman of the Hotel Committee of the convention, in care of the Milwaukee Elks' Club, 910 E. Wisconsin Avenue.

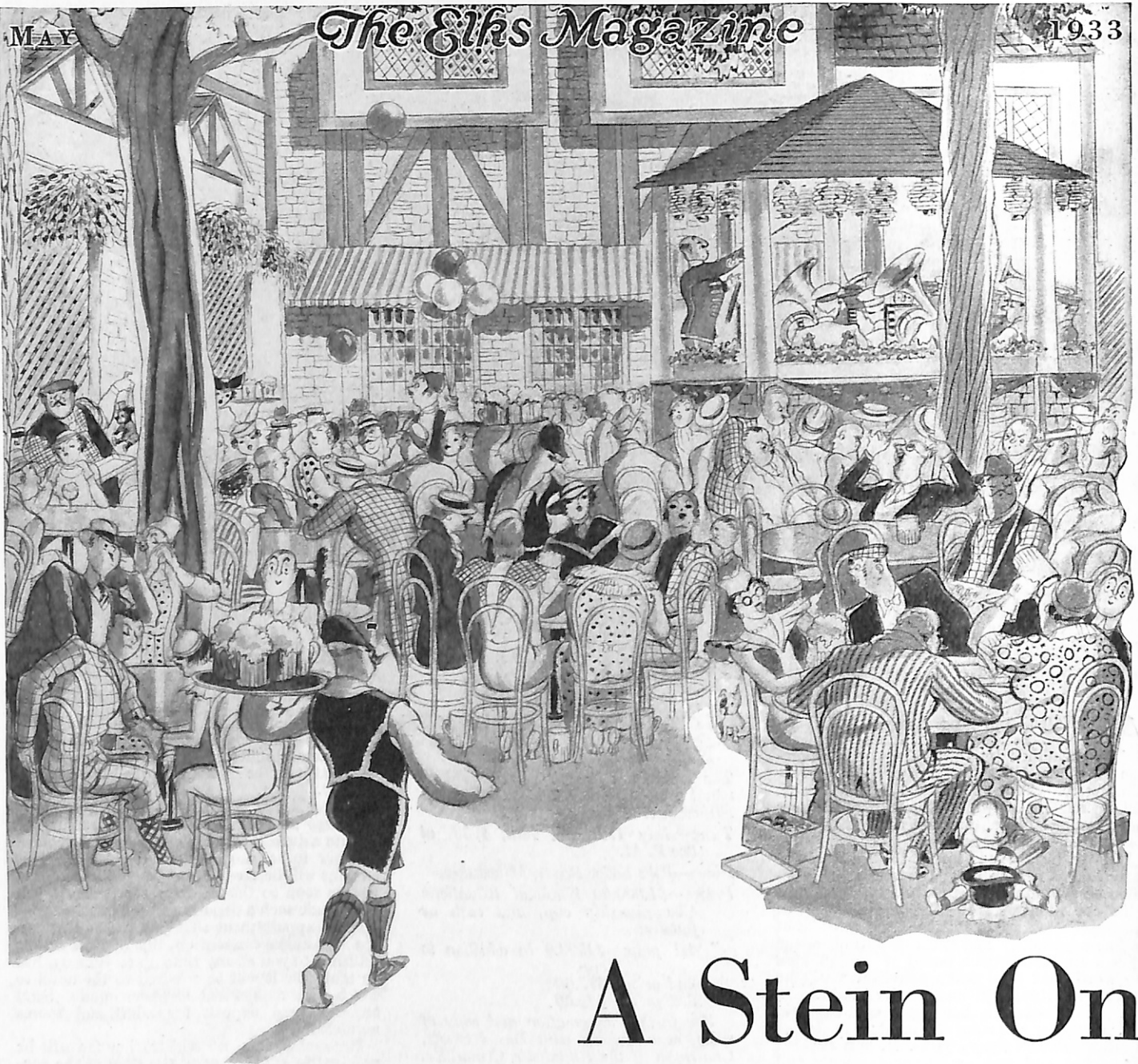
To avoid any confusion, and on account of the large number of requests for rooms, we require a deposit of two dollars on each request whether for a single or double room. This amount will be credited to your hotel account just as soon as the check is received. If you have made such a deposit and then find to your utter disappointment that you can not attend the Milwaukee convention, this deposit will be returned to you at any time up to June 25, but on that date it will be credited to the hotel to which your assignment has been made. Send an additional deposit for additional rooms required.

Remember this, no registration fee will be required in advance or at the time of the convention. As hosts to all the Elks of America in July, the Milwaukee Lodge is preparing hospitality which will be on a large and magnanimous scale. . . . So, sound the tocsin . . . hang the purple banners on the battlements and let the Elks of America rise up in a crusade and begin the pilgrimage to Milwaukee, the shrine of Elkdom, July 16 to 21, this year!

Your baggage should be tagged with card, giving your name and hotel, and our Baggage Committee will handle it for you whether it comes by boat, train or airplane. Guests coming by automobile should deliver their baggage to our committee at the Administration building when they register.

DRILL team and Band contests will constitute one of the major features of the convention. From every section of the United States are coming the crack patrols and premier bands, to vie for the valuable prizes offered and the palm of being designated the best in their respective fields. For the guidance of drill teams and bands the following rules have been adopted by the committee having these particular convention features in hand. The Drill Contest will be held at 9 A. M. Wednesday, July 19, and the Band Contest at 11 A. M. Wednesday, July 19.

(Continued on page 33)



A Stein On

By Frank Shay

ON THAT so recent day when it became known that the Great Drouth was at an end and newsboys were rushing through the streets shouting, as if they knew what it really meant, "Beer's Back!" and on all sides cotton-mouthed citizens clasped hands silently, too happy with rich emotion for words, a young bride leaning on the arm of her groom descended the steps of a fashionable Fifth Avenue church. There was a wistful look in the groom's eyes as he helped her into the car that was to take them on the first leg of their honeymoon, a look that could hardly have been inspired by woman alone.

"Dearest Dan," murmured the bride, clinging to her husband's arm as the car started into the traffic. "Oh, Dan, I'm so young and ignorant of life and there's so much you must tell me, dear." His answer was a dreamy nod and a reassuring pat on the hand.

"Please, Dan, what *is* beer?"

Beer is here! Beer is Bock! Let's sing! Let's rise up happily, a foaming glass in

Copyright, 1933, by Frank Shay

our hand and tell all and sundry that beer, good American three point two, a nectar for any gods, the pale, sun-tinted ambrosia that makes men men and women happy is here to stay. We are back to normality; we are again our fathers' sons. Out of the speakies and into the beer gardens; out of the cellar joints and into the sunshine where there is music, a little singing, a lot of health and great happiness. Oh, to be in Milwaukee (or Cincinnati, Hoboken, St. Louis) now that beer is here!

What is beer? What is three point two? What does it taste like? Has it any kick? Will it make one drunk?

Not so fast! The first requisite for the complete enjoyment of beer is quietness and serenity, a stepping out of the traffic lanes for rest and recreation. All of your questions might be answered in entirely different ways by a poet, by a chemist or by a lover of good beer. The speakeasy habitué who is still under thirty will dismiss the whole effort as hogwash and the prohibitionist will gravely assure you there

is no such thing as good beer, all of it being very terrible stuff, unfit in every way for human consumption, and then quote you figures to prove his statement.

"Waiter, two beers, please!"

Beer comes down to us through all history. Next to wine it is the most common and universal of beverages and like wine it is an ancient and honorable drink. As we know it today, it cannot be called the product of any single nation or race; each has contributed something besides a thirst, even the United States in the days before it tried to give an imitation of Four Saharas. The various races achieved the fermentation of grains after their own fashion and such diverse civilizations as the Egyptians and the Incas drank malted liquors. The Medes and Persians, the Phoenicians learned the trick of taking grains and honey, herbs and yeast and by adding pure water achieved the drink we call beer.



The Table

Drawings by George Shanks

Wine was indigenous to Greece and Italy but grapes were unknown in the North countries. The Vikings evolved mead; the Japanese found the fermentation of rice produced *sake*; the Indians of South America used corn and got *chicha*. In Egypt red barley was used and produced a mildly stimulating beverage known as *hega*, though Pliny refers to it as *zythum*. It seems that this Egyptian branch of the family is the one to which we are indebted for our three point two. The records go back to more than two thousand years before Christ, but it's too thirsty a route for us to travel. It is enough for us to know that the various peoples from whom we have sprung had their malted beverages and delighted in them and the records prove that had they been denied them as we have been they would have made war on their oppressors.

For all the universality of beer, the

records show that in the beginning it was not much of a drink, varying from a beverage of bitter acidity to something like a modern soda-fountain concoction. Beer was merely something to drink until hops were added a thousand years after the beginning of the Christian era. Even then the liberal use of honey made it a sweetish drink. Its manufacture, like that of wine, became the monopoly of monasteries. The monks of Bavaria brought it to a high stage of development and Munich is still the Mecca of all beer swiggers. Pride made the Bavarians wish to exhibit their produce to other peoples and, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, Christian Mumme loaded his kegs aboard a ship and set out to make the world beer-minded. How well he succeeded needs no recounting here, yet it was not Herr Mumme but a Hanoverian named Conrad Broyhan who gave us the flavor we know today. He, too, was a beer salesman and on one of his calls was invited to sample English bitter ale. Once back in Germany he combined the bitterness with

the sweet and at once set the flavor we now know.

However rigid a recipe is followed in brewing beer and however firm the brewer's fealty to it, his product is bound to vary in different parts of the world. The grains used vary with localities, as does the water, and these things affect flavor, as makers of stronger liquor have also learned. The Scotch, for instance, finding the Irish *usquebaugh* to their liking, demanded the formula and set up stills among their own lochs and glens; their national waters gave a very different product and as a result we have the curious beverage known as Scotch whiskey. When the English needed whiskey they sent out their warriors to conquer its producer, never being able to do anything with it save prostitute its good name and to boast of their ale.

Conrad Broyhan's brew seduced a whole world. Nations eagerly purchased the contents of his beer ships and, when the supply ran low, set up their own vats and sought to imitate the product. A few succeeded in making a potable brew but most failed; some had the foresight to send couriers into Bavaria to induce the brewmeisters to bring their arts back with them. Bavarian brewers have slaked the thirsts of the nations and Munich remains the greatest training school for the world's brewers.



Beer is no foe to slenderness

Beer was in high favor when America was discovered and later, when the Pilgrims, the Dutch and the Swedes came to our shores they saw their ships safely anchored, shelters built for their families and vats set up. Their small beer, sometimes known as cottage beer, was not unlike the home brew of yesterday. As industry grew and population increased, the need of larger vats and greater production gave rise to the erection of breweries. The earliest breweries were in Boston and New York, their products retailing directly to the consumer and through the taverns and taprooms in their vicinity. In those days a town felt that it had put on long pants when it set up its first public vats.

This is dry stuff! "Waiter, another two, please."

IN COLONIAL days in America, beer achieved the position it still holds. Whiskey, rum and Geneva Bitters were always the drinks of the hard cases. The aristocracy wet their whistles on imported wines, but beer was the drink of the solid American human who went his way minding his own business and who, when the time came, shouldered his musket and went off to battle for his home. The American Revolution was propagated and planned and its campaigns outlined in the taverns and taprooms of Boston. The Minute Men held their meetings in the taverns and Paul Revere's horse was tethered outside a public house while he waited for the signal from his friend. It was to the nearest tavern the Americans repaired when they were called to arms and the soberness of their cause made it imperative they leave rum alone.

When victory was finally theirs, it was to the taverns and taprooms the Americans repaired to celebrate. In New York in Fraunces' Tavern, still standing on lower Broad Street, Washington took leave of his generals. Rum was as cheap as beer in those days yet the sturdy American manhood knew their brew and stuck to their beer so that they might continue their celebration on the following day. Between Cornwallis' surrender and the ratification of the new Constitution were difficult days, days in which men must keep their heads; rum could not have helped, but beer did its part. In New York, Boston and Philadelphia, the statesmen who were busily building the nation met, discussed their problems and came to agreements over their

pewter mugs of beer. Later, when the new capital was moved to Washington, many of our elected representatives were happy to be given permission to sleep on the tables of the taverns rather than camp out in the almost desert waste land.

Outside the great cities the manufacture of beer was a hit or miss proposition until the German Revolution of 1848 drove many of the best brewers to America. Then brewing came of age and since then has always been an honorable and distinguished calling. A people without a first-class brewer in its midst may almost be said not to be able to consider itself entirely civilized. After the Civil War the demands for bigger vats and greater output placed the brewers in the capitalist class and made brewing big business. With the increase of excise taxes on stronger liquor, beer, still the beverage of the honorable laborer, became the only drink of the poor. Beginning with Tweed, the politicians of New York sought to control the flow for political ends and, to protect their rights, the brewers were compelled to play along with them. Corrupt city



The Egyptians were early beer drinkers

governments took their toll of the brewers through the saloon-keepers, the brewers had to do battle with the distillers and it is little wonder they soiled their own hands. Yet brewing prospered even in New York, and the great industries of Milwaukee, St. Louis and Chicago were founded. Competition grew and as the subtle difference in the various brews became known to the drinkers, men became walking advertisements for their favorite brew.

For seventy-five years prior to prohibition, the great lament of Germany was that America took all her best brew-meisters. Was there a famous brew in Munich? Who made it? Gold was laid at his feet in greater quantities than he thought existed to induce him to come to America and practice his magic. Other master brewers, failing to receive the accolade of American cash, came to our shores and set up their little breweries beside their own halls and gardens,

retailing their product to the discriminating. And, it might be added, among beer lovers discrimination reaches an all-time high.

Is there a kick in three point two? By this time you know there is. After thirteen years of raw alcohol, it may take you time to discover it but it's there, and how! An old woman seated at a table looked appreciatively into her glass of suds and then, burying her wrinkled nose deep in the froth, drank heartily. Replacing the glass on the table, she sighed:

"It's food and drink all in one."

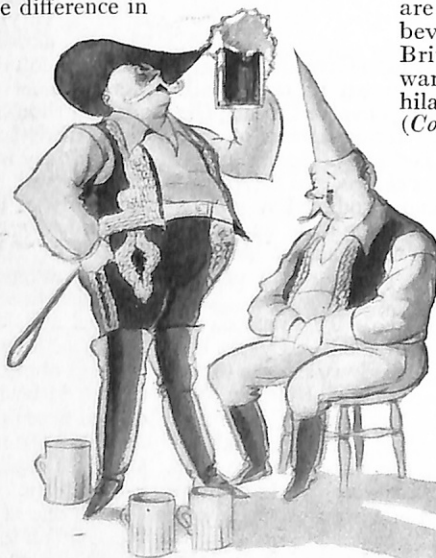
"Yes, and a night's lodging if you get too much of it," said the waiter unfeelingly.

TO THOSE who drink only for the wallop, the speakeasies are still open. The beer drinker is more concerned with flavor and the slighter exhilaration. Before the Great Drouth the great American brews averaged not much more than three point two. A famous one rated but two point ninety-three, and no complaints either. Another was three point fifteen and a third got into the upper brackets with three point eighty-four. Local brews varied from two point seventy-five to four. In the Upper Hudson River Valley there was a brew of husky memory, that averaged a bit higher, but those rivermen were stout fellows and could linger longer over their glasses.

Not one of the master-brewers is handicapped by the new legal restrictions and it is doubtful if their most loyal customers will note any change. They will continue to practice their wonderful arts without any appreciable loss of prestige. To come closer home, the most carefully made home brews of yesterday rated less than four per cent by volume. The remembered kick was due more to the brew's lack of aging than to its alcoholic content.

Among the imported beers, some exceeded the new limitation while others did not; many had to be stepped up to stand the long trip across the Atlantic, others lost through handling, exposure and bad storage. As has been said, alcoholic content is always subordinated to flavor. No brewer ever started out to make beer of any given alcoholic intensity; rather, he achieves the flavor he is seeking and then determines the kick.

While beer will not suffer from the restrictions, all porter and stout will. These are essentially English beverages and your Britisher demands warmth as well as exhilaration. His ale is
(Continued on page 40)



Munich remains the greatest training school for brewers

A Century of Progress

Chicago's New World's Fair

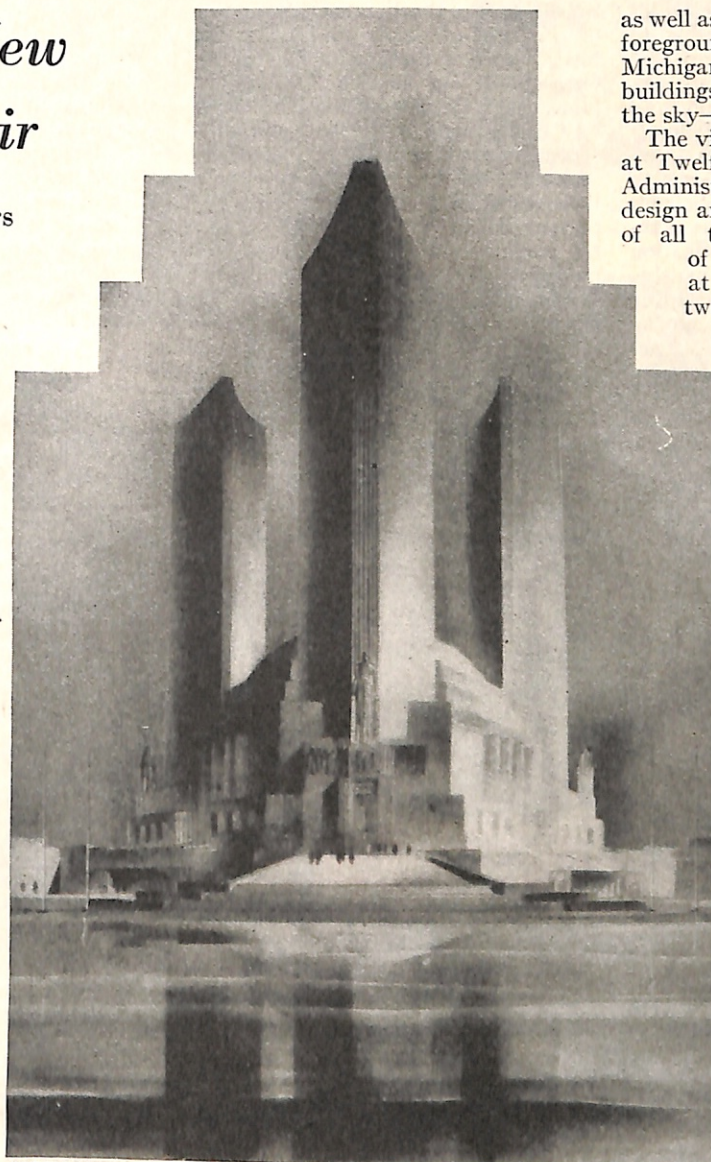
By Mildred Masters

AN AUTOMOBILE assembled in one day ready to be driven from the factory in the evening? Artificial lightning flashing in brilliantly-colored strokes against the deep blue-purple of an evening sky? "Impossible!" the layman exclaims. "Far from it," retorts the scientist.

In fact, so within the realm of possibility are such apparent miracles that every visitor to A Century of Progress in Chicago in 1933 will see them for himself. Anyone who has been thinking that the Century of Progress is just another World's Fair will realize immediately upon visiting this latest exposition how very different it is from all preceding expositions. The chief difference lies in its central theme—that science is the foundation upon which the progress of mankind for the past one hundred years has been built. Science applied to industry has revolutionized the whole world; it has accomplished the transformation from the pioneer world of 1833 to the modern world of 1933. A Century of Progress shows this remarkable transformation and brings romance into science by means of dramatic exhibits such as those mentioned—exhibits active and dynamic, not motionless and static—which tell the visitor simple and graphic stories of mankind's development during the past century.

The Exposition starts right off to demonstrate the power of science, for—on the evening of June 1, 1933—it will open with a modern scientific miracle. The heavenly light of a star, not the touch of an electric button, will be used to open the gates. Arcturus, that bright spring star whose light-giving power is 1,000 times greater than the sun, is the star chosen, because it is forty light-years away from the earth. The star beam which started earthward during the 1893 Fair, traveling at the rate of 186,300 miles in a second, is just ending its journey; it will reach the

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Fluted towers, 150 feet high, rise around the dome of the Federal Building

Yerkes Observatory in Wisconsin, and its power will be transmitted by scientists to instruments which will open the doors of A Century of Progress.

In 1893 the buildings of the Columbian Exposition were grouped on Chicago's south lake front and along the famous "Midway"; in 1933 the buildings of the Century of Progress rise close to the heart of the city. The grounds extend along the lake front from Twelfth Street, three and one-half miles to the south. The main entrance is at Twelfth Street; three other entrances are located at Twenty-third, Thirty-first, and Thirty-ninth Streets. In addition to the lake frontage on the mainland, modern engineering has added twelve acres to the south end of Northerly Island. Between this reclaimed land—upon which many of the exposition buildings stand—and the mainland, lie two lagoons spanned at intervals by bridges,

as well as by the gigantic Sky Ride. In the foreground stretches the blue of Lake Michigan; in the background Chicago's buildings lift their proud towers toward the sky—truly a dream setting.

The visitor entering this enchanted land at Twelfth Street finds himself near the Administration Building. Its modern design and construction are representative of all the Fair buildings. The theme of A Century of Progress is expressed at the entrance of the building by two large aluminum figures representing Science and Industry. A striking and practical feature of the main entrance hall is the "photo mural" of the Fair Grounds, which stretches across the wall facing the entrance. Here, too, is found a model of the entire grounds, which proves a valuable aid in getting one's bearings before starting out on the fascinating journey which lies ahead. The Administration Building takes the shape of the letter "E" and is built around twin courts on the eastern or lagoon side. The landscaping of the courts, following the lines of the building as it does, may be most effectively seen from the island side of the grounds.

JUST in case the mention of the three-and-one-half-mile extent of the grounds sounds too formidable, it may be well to still all fears at the outset by telling prospective visitors about the efficient intra-mural transportation service. On land, specially built open buses, arranged with two long seats back to back, carry passengers quickly back and forth. On the lagoons, motor-launches solve the transportation problem. If a motor-launch does not appeal to the visitor, he may step into a gondola and imagine himself in Venice.

Undoubtedly the first thing to catch one's attention upon leaving the Administration Building is the Sky Ride. Paris had its Eiffel Tower; the Columbian Exposition had its Ferris Wheel; not to be outdone, the Century of Progress provides an even greater thrill with its Sky Ride. Two giant steel towers rising more than six hundred feet in height, one on the mainland and the other on Northerly Island, are connected by steel cables at a height of two hundred feet. Rocket cars travel over these cables and carry passengers from one tower to the other. At the top of each tower is an observation platform from which one may view not only the exposition grounds, but the entire city of Chicago and the surrounding country.

The Hall of Science, directly south of the Administration Building, is the key-note building of the Century of Progress. It is built in the shape of a huge letter "U," the arms of which reach to the lagoon in a series of terraces. The building is two stories high and is approached from the north by a massive ramp. (This plan of entrance is used throughout the buildings—that is, visitors mount directly to the second story by means of a ramp, and then later descend to the first story, instead of entering on the ground floor and then climbing stairs to the second floor.) At the top of the entrance slope is a circular terrace from which one looks down to the first floor court. The Hall of Science contains displays which explain the wonders of modern science and its application to industry. The Great Hall in this building is used for the basic scientific displays. Problems in the fields of mathematics, physics, chemistry, biology, geology, and medicine are set forth so clearly and interestingly that they will attract the layman as well as the professional. For instance, the *pièce de résistance* of the medical exhibit is the "Transparent Man" which has been lent to the Exposition by the Mayo Clinic. It is a life-size model of the human body and is composed of cellon, a transparent material. Electrical illumination makes it possible for the observer to see the deep organs of the body in their relation to each other, just as clearly as though he possessed an X-ray eye.

How do drops of water happen to be round? How are sound-waves produced and transmitted through the air? These are only two of the innumerable questions which the basic sciences answer by means of entertaining, easily comprehended lectures, motion-pictures, moving and electrical displays, and dioramas.

What is a diorama?

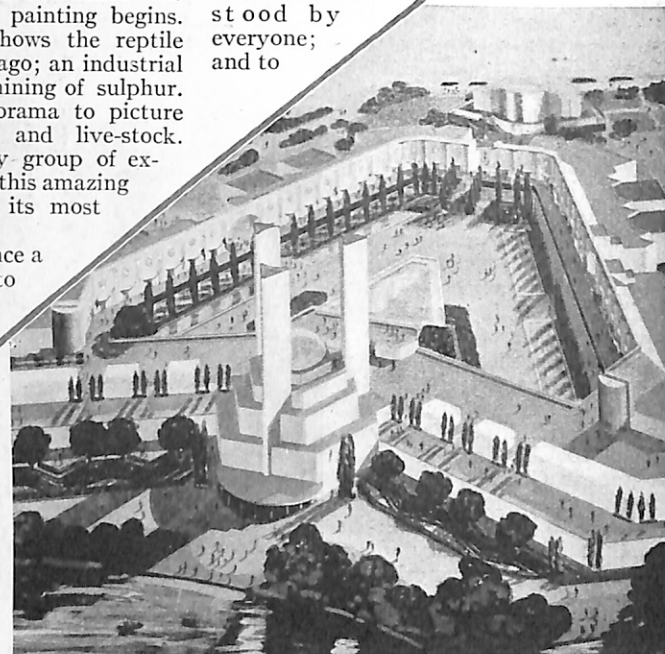
Since this new method of display is used extensively not only in the Hall of Science

but also throughout the buildings of the Fair, it deserves a few words of explanation. A diorama is a picture in three dimensions—width, height and depth. It is usually colored and it gives an illusion of distance because the foreground is modeled in perspective to blend with the painted background. The indirect lighting is also a very important feature of the diorama. As an example of this type of display, a physics exhibit has planned a diorama of Franklin's kite experiment, so familiar to all. The diorama of the Exposition itself with the city of Chicago in the background is an especially striking one. It shows the city stretching off into what is apparently unlimited distance. In fact, the illusion is so perfect that one is unable to discern except by minute close inspection where the modeling stops and the painting begins. A geological diorama shows the reptile life of 125 million years ago; an industrial diorama illustrates the mining of sulphur. Agriculture uses the diorama to picture orchards, grain fields, and live-stock. Indeed practically every group of exhibitors is relying upon this amazing method of display for its most striking effects.

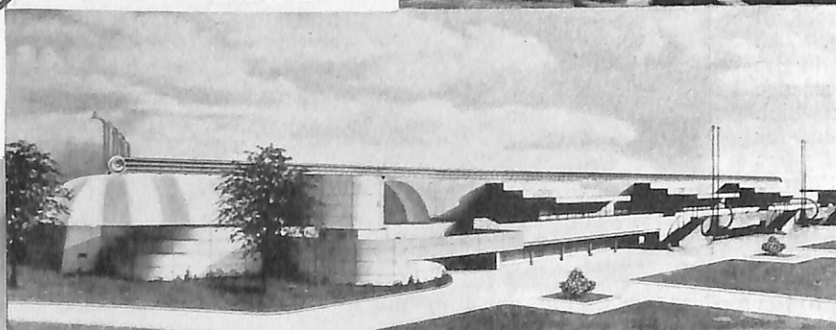
From the Hall of Science a bridge spans the lagoon to the Electrical Group on Northerly Island. This group consists of three connecting buildings

—Radio Hall, Communication Hall, and the Electrical Building. The entrance is guarded by two gilded pylons decorated with heroic bas-relief figures, Light and Energy, representing the magic power of electricity. The landscaping effects here are particularly unique—hanging gardens, fountains, and steel trees being of special note.

The exhibits in Radio Hall, under the supervision of the Radio Corporation of America, are designed to show the evolution of the latest model radios from the first crude sets; to explain the generation and reception of radio waves in such simple terms as to be understood by everyone; and to

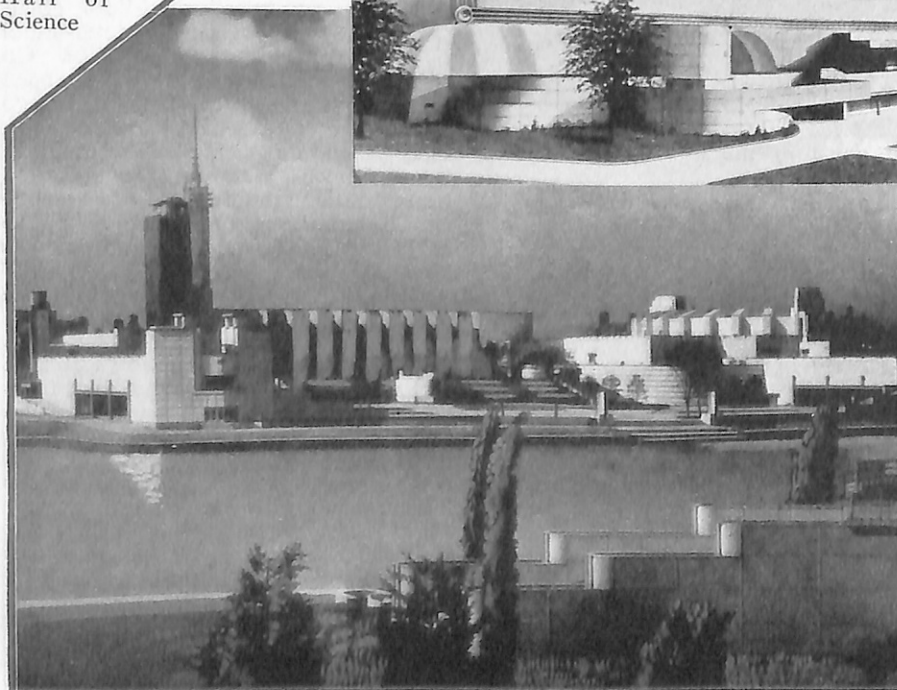


KAUFFMAN & FABRY



Hall of States and Federal Building, erected in juxtaposition to symbolize the national unity

In the Agricultural Building a new kind of agricultural show interests both farmer and city dweller (Left)

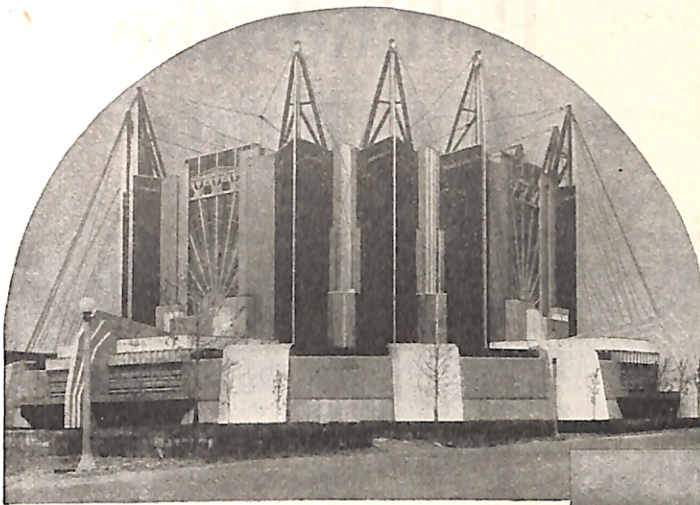


At the extreme left is the magnificent Hall of Science, key-note of the exposition



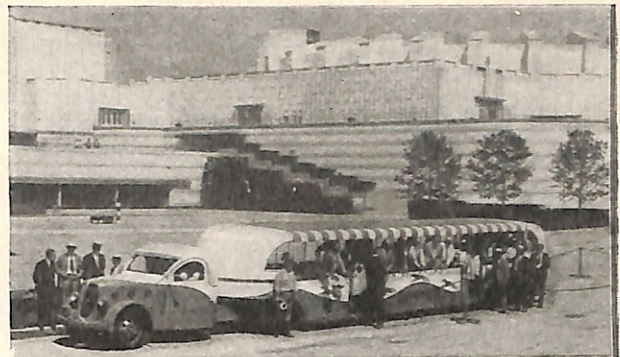
KAUFFMAN & FABRY

This replica of Old Fort Dearborn stands on the lake-shore at Twenty-sixth Street



KAUFFMAN & FAIRY

Larger than that of the Capitol in Washington, is the "sky-hung" dome of the Travel and Transport Building. The roof is formed of metal plates suspended by steel cables hung from a circle of twelve steel towers



A modernistic blue and silver bus which will carry visitors about the grounds, in the courtyard of the Hall of Science

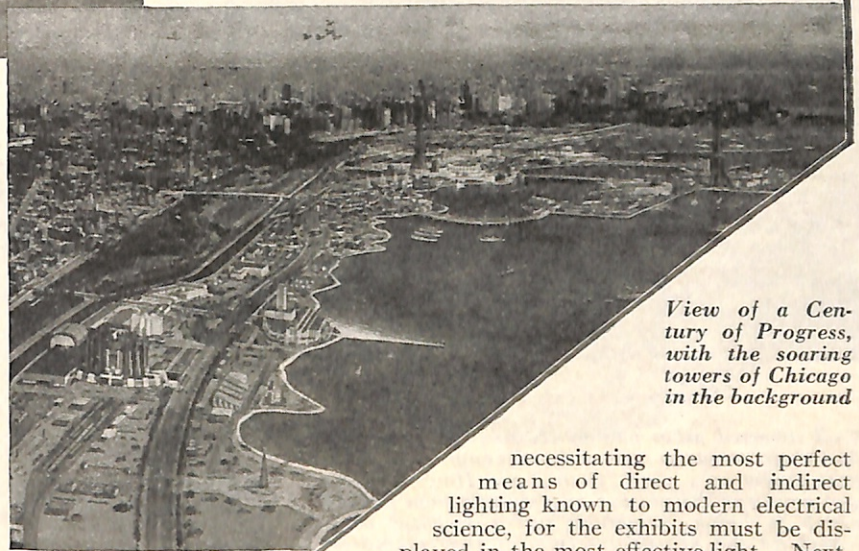


KAUFFMAN & FAIRY

A beauty of the Fair, the replica of the famed Golden - Pavilion of Jehol

demonstrate the newest experiments in Television.

Communication Hall, as its name signifies, holds the exhibits of the various telephone and telegraph companies. The visitor will learn the exciting story of communication, which has developed to such an extent that one may sit calmly at his office desk and talk to London. The Postal Telegraph-Cable Company shows how a message can be sent around the world in a few minutes. Here again, the layman will be interested to discover that the displays which show present day telephone and telegraph



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View of a Century of Progress, with the soaring towers of Chicago in the background

service are developed so simply that he may readily grasp them.

An impressive feature of Communication Hall are the Communication Gardens on the lake side of the building, copied after the famous gardens of the Villa d'Este at Tivoli. Four huge pylons are grouped around an electrical fountain in the center of the gardens.

The third building of the group, the Electrical Building, is semicircular and contains the exhibits of public utilities companies and electrical manufacturers, showing the present-day uses of electricity in the home, in industry, in transportation—in fact, in every phase of modern life. The General Electric Company demonstrates the latest miracles of electrical science. The "House of Magic" has been brought from the company's laboratories in Schenectady. The communication of sound over light-beams, the fever machine, the thyatron organ—an instrument the size of a piano, but combining the range, volume, and musical quality of a pipe organ and a calliope—these and scores of other marvels are being demonstrated, some of them for the first time.

Linked closely with this Electrical Group is the plan of illumination for the Exposition. In the first place, practically all of the buildings are windowless,

necessitating the most perfect means of direct and indirect lighting known to modern electrical science, for the exhibits must be displayed in the most effective light. Next, the exteriors of the buildings are colored, calling for an entirely different system of lighting from that used for white or cream structures. The colored effects of the buildings, the lighting, and the decorations are under the direct supervision of Mr. Joseph Urban. He has planned for each building a color scheme which is individual, but which harmonizes with the coloring of the whole. The artificial illumination at night is designed to correspond to the color of the building, in each case resulting in a deeper tone of the same color. The intensity of light directed on each building increases toward the top, so that the tallest pylons stand out in jeweled brilliance. Neon tubes, together with incandescent bulbs—millions of them—combine to produce color-shadow effects, dancing and scintillating colors, electrical fireworks, electrical cascades, luminous vapor effects, and gigantic flood lights in dazzling profusion and with gleaming radiance.

THE lighting of the Sky Ride is especially attractive. The two towers are brilliantly flood-lighted. The cars which cross the cables two hundred feet above the ground discharge colored vapor and also are caught by powerful flood lights so that they seem to be rockets shooting through the air. The most spectacular feature of the illumination is the lightning generator. Lightning is discharged between two giant electrodes, high in the air, and is tinted in various colors by the use of chemicals and salts. The effect of rever-

(Continued on page 42)

Behind the Footlights



Gertrude Tonkonogy makes her bow as a dramatist with "Three-Cornered Moon," an amusing and well-acted comedy in which Ruth Gordon and Brian Donlevy (left) play leading parts. Cecilia Loftus is delightful as Mrs. Rimplegar, unworldly head of a scatter-brained young brood who take their comfort and idleness for granted. When she breaks the news that the last cent of their fortune has slipped through the hands of the stock-brokers the youngsters make a pathetic effort to acquire gainful occupations. Young Dr. Stevens (Brian Donlevy) moves in as boarder to help out with the rent and keep them out of the insane messes they flounder into. His love for Ruth Gordon is sorely tried by her introduction into the household of an embryonic novelist whom she believes herself in love with, and whose creative urge will not permit him to stoop to earn his keep

Well directed gibes and much mirthful bantering find their target in our national congress in Maxwell Anderson's play "Both Your Houses." The plot concerns the passage of a western dam project which is being converted into a gigantic pork barrel by the private interests of the committeemen. The group at the right are among those most involved: Walter C. Kelley, famous on the vaudeville stage for years as the Virginia Judge, gives the most amusing and outstandingly good performance in the play as an artful and philosophical committeeman; Shepperd Strudwick, a newcomer, gives an excellent account of himself as a high-minded, reforming young congressman; and Mary Philips is his wise-cracking secretary who knows the political ropes and all the tricks



"Design for Living" is a naughty, sophisticated and wholly enjoyable comedy by Noel Coward in which that versatile gentleman plays one of the leading parts. He is shown at the left as he appears in the last scene of the play enjoying a little intimate conversation with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt, his two arch conspirators in making this the best-acted comedy of the season. The rather fantastic story revolves around the love of these two men, one a novelist and the other an artist, for Gilda (Miss Fontanne) and her devotion to both of them. There is not too much genuine wit in the composition, but the lines are so cannily phrased and so artfully delivered that an air of merriment and a happy expectation of continuous merriment prevails

And On the Screen

Reviews by Esther R. Bien



Miriam Hopkins (pictured above) lends her vivid personality to the part of a wild young Southern girl in the title rôle of "The Story of Temple Drake". Reluctant to marry William Gargan, the idealistic young lawyer whose suit is urged by her grandfather, Sir Guy Standing, the course of Miss Hopkins' rebellion involves her in lurid melodrama



Helen Hayes (above), whose outstanding work during the last year or two has ranked her among the very first of our screen stars, plays opposite the ubiquitous Clark Gable (also above) in her latest picture "The White Sister". This play, taken from the popular novel by F. Marion Crawford, made its screen debut some years ago in the days of the silent films with Lillian Gish in the title rôle. A fine cast includes Lewis Stone, Louise Closser Hale and May Robson



"The Silver Cord", presented several seasons ago by the Theatre Guild, is one of Sidney Howard's finest plays. It arrives on the screen with Laura Hope Crews in her original rôle of the jealous mother whose overweening possessiveness threatens to smother the independent careers of her two sons—Joel McCrea and Eric Linden. She is pictured at the right with Irene Dunne, Joel's bride, who puts up an heroic fight for their right to live their own lives



"I'm not grieving—" the girl looked up honestly at him — "I've nothing personal to make me grieve"

The Show Goes On

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

Part V

TWO days later, dust-caked and sun-baked, the little show rumbled over the wooden bridge which crossed Cherry Creek at Larimer Street. Somewhat aghast, the show-people looked about them. The planked walls were lined with people. Men hung out the windows of the city hall. Then reporters came hurrying forward, asking for the manager. With them, more amazed than any one else, was Ortie Whipple.

"All I did was just talk to them!" he gasped.

That afternoon the little tent was crowded. The grounds held as many more, waiting for a second afternoon show. The circus people went about as if dazed by the welcome. Ortie Whipple, simply because he had known no better, had fulfilled the greatest of advance agent specifications.

Whatever reporters, anxious for human interest, had asked him, Ortie had told. Denver even knew that the star rider was in love with the foster daughter of the show's owner, and that this foster daughter was engaged to Leonard Purcell. And Denver, with the curiosity of any city, was eager to see an outfit which had suffered greatly, yet had fought gamely through it all.

Police were at the showgrounds, to

guard it. Autograph hunters searched out Mother Meade, to be screamed away, and contented themselves with Connie. The first performance over, the excited performers swung into another, and with this done, Calvert sought out Ortie, who gave him a packet of letters.

They told little. No one in Atlanta knew a man named Jason Purcell; and the letters regarding Leonard spoke of him only as a goody-goody who ran with church people. The Sheriff had no news from North Platte. Mullins and Hart, under orders, they said, refused showmen's queries about Mother Meade.

Three days passed with crowded tents. Mother Meade, chattering and excited, went mysteriously downtown, only to come back limping. Calvert examined her ankle.

"You've turned it a little, Mother," he said. "Stay off it awhile. Connie and I will do the ringmaster work. You rest a bit—you've been through a pretty tough pull."

"Humph!" the old woman grunted. Then she asked: "Where's Leonard? He lights out the minute the show's over and we don't see him again."

Calvert had noticed that, but said nothing. Twice at night, he had tried to follow the man, only to lose him. The girl spoke:

"He's staying downtown somewhere, at a hotel. That trip rather knocked him out: he isn't athletic like we are."

"Well, he'll stay here with me from now on. Somebody's got to run errands if I can't get out myself."

"I'll run them," volunteered Calvert eagerly.

"Let Leonard run 'em. It's all he's got to do besides taking tickets."

That ended the matter. The show played four days more in Denver, then, with new enthusiasm, started for Golden City. People were waiting for it there, too. After that, the course became grueling again, the long, winding journey up Guy Gulch, on the way to Clear Creek and Gilpin County mining camps, the precipitous drops, where Old Bess, grunting with exertion, formed the bulwark which held wagons from crashing into the canons below, as she hunched her weight against ropes and impeded the downward progress of the vehicles ahead.

They were well into the first rises of the Rockies now, one range gradually merging into another. They moved only by daytime. At last the show dropped down the vicious, narrow hill, from high plateau lands into the canon of Clear Creek, and wound up the east fork to the mining towns of Blackhawk and Central City, cupped under giant hills. And the show played to packed tents.

It gave Calvert new heart. Connie rode with a grace and enthusiasm she never before had known. Each morning and each afternoon, they practised together.

This was to be their new act, with both of them in the ring. Calvert's life was full now. As they rehearsed, he could ask her as much as he pleased, if she loved him. She did not answer, except with laughter. But she did not restrain him.

It almost made him forget the strangely nervous, watchful man who wandered about the circus lot, attending to such errands as Mother Meade desired. Leonard Purcell had changed greatly since they had left North Platte. Now he seemed constantly afraid. Calvert wondered if the cause was Flatiron. But he knew he could get no answer. Beyond the actions of Purcell, there was one other worry. That was Ortie Whipple.

HE HAD shot through Blackhawk and Central City with hardly a halt to breathe. The stage driver from across the hills reported that the same thing had occurred in Idaho Springs and Georgetown. It fretted Calvert. They were in mining country now. Ortie at heart was a miner. And far away over the hills lay that will-o'-the-wisp, Tombstone Peak.

Up the long hill to the top of the intervening divide and down the longer, narrower and far more dangerous one on the other side, the show traveled from Central City to Idaho Springs. Again Mother Meade chuckled and chattered to herself at the sight of the heavy crowds and clinking gold pieces as they fell into the canvas sack beneath the till. Then the show moved up the valley of Clear Creek to the mining camps of Dumont, Dawson and Empire, and at last to Georgetown.

Here was a boom town. Saloons were everywhere. From big halls came the whirr of the roulette wheel, and the click of chips. And the town was show-starved. Again Mother Meade beamed with happiness. The night performance over, the circus slept in preparation for a hard day. On the other side of Loveland Pass waited an entirely new group of mining towns, and in greater number. But the stage road which cut across the Continental Divide at this point crawled to an altitude of 12,000 feet above sea level. At that it was better than the Argentine "high-line." That reached the thirteen thousand foot mark.

Dawn came. Queen Bess bawled her morning's greeting to her flat-featured keeper, to-day on horseback for the long journey. Harness clinked. Rickety wagons creaked protestingly. The start was made; no longer was there fear of heat. Light frost lay on the roofs of Georgetown. A haze was drifting up from the valley.

A mile went by. The old woman opened the door of the treasury wagon and peered out. Then she called:

"You, Bob Calvert! Have you seen Leonard?"



A scream came from Connie, as the animal, plunging and leaping under the deep-spurred command of its rider, knocked the old woman far to one side

"Oh yes. He's back there a ways."
"Tell him I want to talk to him before the day's over."

Calvert nodded. He trotted Duke back to where Purcell rode, a full ten lengths behind the last wagon.

He hesitated when he reached the man, and strove to mask his surprise. Leonard Purcell looked years older. There were bags beneath his eyes. His face was ghastly white, cut by a sagging line of blue gray which passed as lips. He

gave a jerky greeting, intended for jovialty. "Mother Meade wants to see you," Calvert commanded.

The man swung his head slowly and mumbled—something about having been sick all night.

"I'll be up after 'while," he said hoarsely.

A call came from ahead. Calvert rode back to where a boulder, loosened by Old Bess' heavy tread, had tolled into the road, cutting off progress. The equestrian, with



Calvert found a spot where someone had fallen from his horse, and wallowed about. There was blood on the snow

Flatiron Keats, dismounted to remove it. With studied casualness as they bent to their task, Calvert said:

"Leonard Purcell doesn't seem at all well this morning."

There was no answer. Flatiron Keats only smiled grimly as they let the boulder thunder down the mountainside.

CHAPTER XVII

"LOOK here, Flatiron," Calvert snapped as the bulltender swung to his horse. "It's about time you relieved your mind of what's on it. You're still on probation." Keats allowed his eyelids to lower.

"Mr. Calvert," he answered, "nobody knows better than me that I'm being watched. I've been keepin' my eyes open myself. Give anybody enough rope and they'll hang themselves. That goes for me, or for Old Lady Meade or you or anybody else. Ain't it so?"

Then pretending great solicitude over Queen Bess, he hurried back to his elephant. It left Calvert puzzled. With the wagons on their way again, Calvert rode to the rear of the train. Purcell still followed, his hands on the saddle horn, a man dejected, or a man ill. The equestrian waited for him.

"Why not ride in one of the wagons?" he asked. "If you're not well——"

The man eyed him.

"I'll be all right here," he said. "Feel a little better moving around."

Calvert rode ahead again. He summoned Connie's groom.

"Keep an eye on Mr. Purcell," the equestrian commanded. "He's not feeling well. If he isn't in sight all the time, let me know."

The groom obeyed. Calvert went forward to take his place with Connie at the head of the straggling line.

It was a matter of slow movement, this progress toward the top of the Divide. Grade was heavy. Horses lay low in their harness, straining every muscle until, with stones tossed behind the wheels by watchful workmen, there could be a pause for rest.

Thus the morning deepened in hard labor, strain and tug and rest, then a resumption of the whole program over again. There was only one favoring factor; there was no heat.

Instead, the sun had not risen; the fogs of rising clouds, sweeping upward from the valleys below, began to increase as time went by. At last came the final vicious rise to the tiny settlement of Silver Plume. Then the road ran for a

time through long valleys, set under jutting peaks, as Clear Creek wound upward to its distant headwaters.

They made better progress here. But finally this surcease was done; they started again up the winding, narrow incline which skirted the various hills leading to the pass proper.

Gigantic peaks made their appearance now, then deeper recesses murky with the dirty smudge of eternal snow. Between them there were only rocks and caverns, jutting cliffs rising into steadily lowering clouds.

Noon passed without a stop. Higher, still higher they went, with short reprieves, where the ascent seemingly flattened out into willow patches, as the grade momentarily decreased. At one of these breathing spots, Calvert veered to one side and looked back. The groom still rode at the end of the train. In his wake came the clumped figure of Leonard Purcell. Suddenly the equestrian glanced apprehensively upward.

A LIGHT splash of cold rain had struck his cheek. Now as he looked toward the higher crags, he failed to see the towering mass of Gray's and Torrey's Peaks—their pinnacles were lost in queer whiteness.

Calvert touched his horse and rode to

Mother Meade's wagon. Her blank, yet singularly heightened features appeared at the open ticket window.

"That you, Boy?" she asked. "We're coming along fine, aren't we?"

"Mother," he answered. "We'd better pull into camp."

"Camp?" She stared. "It's only two o'clock."

He pointed to the lowering grayness above.

"That's snow, Mother."

"Snow?" She snorted. "The idea! Snow on the first of September?"

He tried to argue with her.

"You must remember, Mother, we're nearly at the top of the continent. Going up in the air this way is just the same as going North. We're already nearly eleven thousand feet above the sea level."

"Oh, pshaw," the old woman answered scornfully, and closed the window.

THE wind had become a bit sharper; the first drizzling rain fell spottily. The equestrian joined Connie. He pointed to the gathering white above; a queer white, like many wrappings of faintly gray veils, gradually drifting lower.

"Try to do something with Mother. We're in for a snowstorm."

Ten minutes later, the girl returned.

"It's useless," she said grimly. "She won't listen. She wants to keep going until dark."

"It'll be that soon enough if we get into a storm," Calvert answered. Suddenly, as he had done often of late, he turned quickly to study the girl. She seemed prepossessed, almost grim. Several times she looked at him, almost covertly. Then with a queer turn of her head, she asked:

"Bob, when you were a kid, did you ever pick walnuts?"

"Yes, of course. My hands were black from the stain half the time."

Then Calvert designedly turned his horse aside that he might look back and check on the movement of the train. Drivers had been dozing; he shouted for them to awaken. Again with the show alert and watchful, he turned back to the girl.

"Queer, isn't it?" he asked. "The other day I was thinking that a mixture of red ink and walnut juice would stain the flesh exactly like a birthmark."

"Bob!"

"Isn't that what you were thinking?"

She faced him seriously.

"If I were, I'd wait until I had something more tangible to support it," the girl answered.

Calvert smiled.

"That, Connie, is exactly what I am doing."

The girl bit her lips, and rubbed the reins on her horse's neck. They rode for a long time in silence. A hundred questions arose in Calvert's brain. He wondered what, if anything, Connie had learned. A theory which he had held almost at arm's length had suddenly come to him from her. But why? There had been no trouble since North Platte. There had been every indication that the menace which had overhung Meade's Great Western Circus had vanished. What had given Connie Meade a basis for new suspicion?

There conjectures halted abruptly. Only a hundred yards above him, Calvert

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"Where is your Great Spirit now?" sneered the savage. "Are you not afraid, Black Robe?"



The Man Who Hated Gold

By George Creel

Illustrated by H. Weston Taylor

BACK in the unhappy summer of 1868, when red men and white locked in a death grapple for the lordship of the West, a lone, black-robed figure left the Missouri where it meets the Cannonball, and rode away across the burning prairie. Somewhere in the distance, far beyond the Bad Lands, the Sioux were gathered for a last stand against the paleface. Ogallallas, Yanktonnais, Santees, Blackfeet, Hunkpapas, Brule and Minneconjous had answered the call of Sitting Bull, and with them also came Arapahoes and Cheyennes.

The government at Washington, sick of bloodshed, had appointed a treaty commission, but it was not on Sherman, Sheridan and Harney that the country depended, famous though they were. Hope of peace rested on a single man, and that man a humble priest. For forty years Father Peter John De Smet had traveled the vast stretch between the Mississippi and the Columbia, and not a tribe but knew and loved the tall Black Robe.

"I do not want your money," he told the generals. "I do not want your honors. Nor do I want your soldiers. I

will go alone as I have always gone."

They tried to tell him that it meant death, for the Sioux were mad with the killing fever, but he only shook his snowy head, and faced the setting sun. Slowly, indomitably, he made his way through the dreary solitudes, burning by day and freezing by night. In his youth they called him Samson, and once on a mountain trail he had fought a grizzly with his bare hands. There were years when he had thought nothing of covering fifteen thousand miles, careless of hunger and hardship, but now he was almost seventy. Neuralgia and rheumatism racked him, and he who had never known what it was to tire, looked forward to the noonday halt.

Sixteen days he rode, and at the junction of the Yellowstone and Powder rivers, came to the camp of the Indian host, their tepees covering the plain as far as eye could see. A hostile murmur swept the crowding warriors, but Sitting Bull, Black Moon, Four Horns and No Neck met him as sons meet a father, and checked him gently when he would have told his errand.

"Rest, Black Robe," they said. "When you have slept and eaten, we will light the council fire."

Refreshed, he sat on soft furs while orator after orator recited the wrongs suffered by his people, and poured forth the bitterness of their souls. "Better to die fighting," they cried, "than perish miserably by starvation and the diseases and whisky of the white man." Father De Smet, rising in his turn, made no attempt to excuse cruelties and injustices, but pointed out the hopelessness of their struggle, and begged them to give him a chance to negotiate a fair and lasting treaty.

"So be it, Black Robe," the Indians agreed at last. "Never yet have you spoken with a forked tongue. We are in your hands."

ACCOMPANIED by the representatives of fifty thousand red men, the weary old man rode back to Fort Rice, and watched the signing of a treaty that gave the Sioux and their allies a great stretch of wild country to have and to hold forever as home and hunting ground. The generals praised him, and the government sought to honor him, but the peace he had won was reward enough.

The conciliation of the Sioux was but one of many services that Father De Smet rendered his adopted country, for he was at once a peacemaker, a pathfinder and an empire builder. The first white explorer to follow intelligently in the footsteps of Lewis and Clark, he knew the Oregon country as a city man knows his streets, and had his wise counsels been followed, our treatment of the Indians would not

Father De Smet pointed out the hopelessness of their struggle, and begged them to give him a chance to negotiate a fair and lasting treaty

now be America's shame.

It was in 1823 that the young Belgian, on fire with missionary zeal, started his life work at Florissant, near St. Louis. The Osage Indians were his charges, and for seven years he gave the sweat of his soul to save them from savagery, drunkenness and degradation. Just as some measure of success was crowning his efforts, however, the government took the land of the Osages, and drove them west.

Next came sad, defeated years among the Pottawattomies. With the Council Bluffs as his headquarters, Father De Smet went up and down the treacherous Missouri in his rude canoe, teaching the savages to build homes and till the soil, and carrying the peace pipe from tribe to tribe, ending their bloody wars. Time after time he lifted them up into the sun, but always white men came with whisky that turned the Indians into beasts. Axe in hand, the Black Robe destroyed barrel after barrel, but what could one man do against hundreds, and those hundreds backed by government agents?

It was in an hour of despair that his great chance offered. From the Flatheads, living in the heart of the Rockies, came a message asking for a Black Robe. Indian hunters, wandering down from Canada, had told them of the Christ, and they were eager to hear the Word. Joy flooded the heart of Father De Smet when he was selected for the mission by his superiors in St. Louis, for here at last was a chance to work among Indians as yet uncontaminated by contact with the white man.

It was in March, 1840, that he left the little town of Westport, now Kansas City, and set out across the plains under the protection of an Astor fur caravan. A bitter journey, and it was not until June that they reached the Green, just in time for the annual rendezvous of the mountain

men. There, on the banks of the shining river, shaggy adventurers gathered from all the West, eager for a month of companionship and merrymaking before returning to the solitudes for another year of hardship and peril.

Kit Carson was in the wild company, and Jim Bridger, Broken-Hand Fitzpatrick and many another famous frontiersman who exulted in his count of Indian scalps, yet all took the priest to their hearts. Around the fire at night they drew rude maps and told him what they knew of the Oregon country, then comprising what is now Washington, Montana, Oregon, Idaho and Wyoming. There lived not only the Flatheads, but also the Pend Oreilles, the Chaudieres, the Kootenais, the Coeur d'Alenes, the Spokanes, the Kalispels and the Nez Percés.

Still further north were the Blackfeet, the Athabascas and the Assiniboines. Bad medicine, the Blackfeet! They cut off fingers when they went to battle, and offered blood to savage gods. Not even Carson and Bridger had ever been able to invade the Blackfeet hunting grounds with any luck, and it was there that Pegleg Smith had lost his feet.

"Keep away from them varmints, padre," they warned the priest, but his eyes only shone the brighter.

A journey of eight days brought Father De Smet to the village of the Flatheads at the three sources of the Missouri, and they received him with open arms, as simple and kindly as Lewis and Clark had found them thirty-six years before. For weeks he worked among them, increasingly loved and trusted, until at last he dreamed



H. Weston Taylor



of some peaceful valley where the Flatheads could quit their nomadic life, and build homes and till fields.

It was an undertaking that called for men and supplies, and as though it were a pleasant walk, he set out on the perilous journey to St. Louis. Nine months it took him, for there were deserts and mountains to cross, and even when he came to the Missouri, his downstream float had many interruptions. Once he was captured by the Aricaras, and at night he awakened to see the chief bending over him, a knife at his breast.

“WHERE is your Great Spirit now?” sneered the savage. “Are you not afraid, Black Robe?”

“Feel my heart,” smiled the priest. “Is it beating faster?”

St. Louis, unable to meet its own needs, could furnish Father De Smet with no money for supplies, but a begging journey to New Orleans proved more successful, and the spring of 1841 saw him setting out again from Westport with loaded wagons. Three priests and three lay brothers accompanied him, and as before, he was fortunate in finding a caravan to travel with.

Leading the Flatheads, even as Moses led the Israelites, Father De Smet marched north over mountain ranges and arid stretches, and came at last to a well-

watered valley at the foot of the Bitter Root Range, near what is now Missoula, Montana. A cross was planted in the fertile soil, and all knelt reverently while their Black Robe asked God's blessing on the Mission of St. Mary's.

Eager as children, chieftains and warriors went into the forests and hewed timber for a church, a school and cabins. Fields were fenced and put under the plough, and then came the planting of oats, wheat and potatoes. At this the Indians protested loudly, declaring it a waste to bury food, and not until the first green shoots broke the ground did they cease to shake their heads.

With the Flatheads at work, and a harvest in sight, Father De Smet now let his dream have wings, and started out on the first of those farflung journeys that were to carry him into the tepees of every Indian tribe in the Oregon country. There were mountain ranges to cross, boiling rivers to ford, and as he crawled goat paths above some yawning chasm, blood dripped from his finger tips. Clear to the mouth of the Columbia, visiting the Coeur d'Alenes, the Chaudieres, the Okinagans and the Spokanes, and as they knelt before him, the idea grew of a great Rocky

Mountain federation dedicated to peace and brotherhood.

Placing his half-dozen helpers at strategic points, he took to his boat again, following the Yellowstone to the Missouri and the Missouri to St. Louis. Hurrying to Europe in his search for men and money, he blushed to find himself something of a hero. The famous Daniel O'Connell introduced him to the people of Ireland, and in Rome he was embraced by Gregory XVI. They

wanted to make him a bishop, but such was the simple man's agony of protest that the Holy Father let him escape the honor.

With some money, and what was more important, a band of devoted missionaries, Father De Smet sailed from Antwerp, thinking it a saving of time to return to Oregon by way of Cape Horn. Instead of that, the small ship was beaten by storms from the first, nearly dashed to pieces on the barren coasts of Patagonia, and took all of six months to reach the Columbia.

Unresting, he built a mission on the Willamette, laid out towns for the Coeur d'Alenes and Kalispels, planted their fields and put their feet in the path of peace. He nearly lost his life trying to cross the Bitter Root range in winter, but no sooner was the giant well than he belted his cassock and set out on a march to the Flatbows and Kootenais, two tribes as yet unvisited by white men.

Fighting his way through ancient forests, crossing dismal swamps, he walked with death, for quagmires sucked him down and only his tremendous strength saved him from whirlpools. Once climbing into a hollow tree to escape a blizzard, he landed among a litter of bear cubs, and had to fight with the mother for his life. He reached the Flatbows a mere skeleton of a man, but when they had nursed him back to health, and were won to the faith, he plunged off into the wilderness again, traveling to the country of the Kootenais.

Back at St. Mary's among the Flatheads, they beseeched him to rest, but there was

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EDITORIAL

A DAY TO BE OBSERVED

■ The second Sunday in May has been designated as Mothers' Day and is observed, in some appropriate manner, by many thousands all over our country. The Order of Elks has approved its observance by the subordinate Lodges, and has provided a permissive ritual for the occasion when formal ceremonies are to be conducted. It is timely to remind the Lodges of this, and to commend it to their consideration.

But whether the local Lodge undertakes a formal program or not, the sweet and wholesome sentiment involved is one which should appeal to each individual member and prompt him to some act of loving tribute to her in whose honor the day has been set apart.

A flower worn, as an evidence of the memory invoked and warmly treasured, will soften the heart and brighten the day for him who may only thus share in the suggested observance. A personal visit to a living mother, or a letter expressing continued love and devotion, will bring a happiness to the recipient all too infrequently experienced, and one that is more than doubled in the sharing.

Future memories will be sweeter and more comforting for those who, with thoughtful consideration and sincerity of affection, observe this approaching Mothers' Day.

A SERVICE WITHIN THE RANKS

■ "Charity begins at home." So goes the old saying. If the appropriate meaning be given to the word "Charity," it would be more correct to say that it *should* begin at home. It does not always do so; for the very nearness of its worthy objects sometimes causes us to overlook them.

The Order of Elks is justly proud of its reputation for promptly and effectively extending aid to those in need. Happily that particular activity is most frequently undertaken in response to calls from beyond our own membership. But just at this time there is a wider opportunity for generous consideration of those within the ranks than is generally recognized.

It is not to be supposed that the members of our Order could escape the results of the conditions which have so affected all other groups of citizens. It is inevitable that a comparable percentage of Elks should share the experiences that are so general; and that many of them should be really embarrassed by the extent to which they have been thus affected.

It is natural that they should be slow to disclose the pressure upon them, because they shrink from anything that might seem to be an appeal to their brothers. And in all too many instances individuals have silently and uncomplainingly withdrawn from the fraternal associations which were felt to involve an expense which could not longer be sustained.

In some cases the withdrawal is, perhaps, a miscalculated economy. In many others it may justly be regarded a necessity. It is in such latter cases that the kindly impulses of the subordinate Lodges should be quickened into considerate helpfulness. They should be alert to discover cases where the need is really felt; and to take prompt steps to relieve the temporary embarrassment, in a truly fraternal spirit.

If this suggestion be accepted and adopted with appropriate generosity, thousands of members will be saved to the Order, and preserved to a useful and prideful membership which will again become, in due season, a real and effective fraternal force.

Here is a chance for a real service within the ranks.



BE AMERICAN

■ The current press has given much publicity to the slogan "Buy American." With all its appropriate implications it really means Be American; and with this suggestion every patriotic citizen

must be in accord. It appeals with peculiar force to Elks.

To be American means to give preference to American products; to keep our money at work in our own country, among our own people.

To be American means to be loyal to our institutions; to be courageous; to face our situation with frankness; to look calmly upon our difficulties without panic fear, but with a steady purpose to solve them for ourselves. The blood of pioneers still flows in our veins, and this heritage imposes a *noblesse oblige* which may not be disregarded.

To be American involves a confidence in our whole people; in their wisdom and ability to make whatever sacrifices and to follow whatever course may be essential to restore normalcy, which constitutes true prosperity. That confidence is justified by past experience.

Above all, to be American implies a sense of individual responsibility. No one man, no one group of men, can bring us to a restored well-being. It is a job which calls for the cooperation of every citizen. No true patriot can withhold his own requisite contribution to the desired end. That contribution is to be measured by our capacity. It may be active public service. It may be only a mental attitude and the loyal following of intelligent leadership. But whatever it be, it should be generously accorded.

There never was a time in our history when the duty of good citizenship was more essential to the public weal. After all, the performance of that duty is what is meant by the slogan Be American.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT

■ At a recent meeting of Tampa, Fla., Lodge, No. 708, a resolution was adopted which bespeaks a commendable spirit on the part of its members.

After a preamble reciting the grave economic situation with which the country has been faced, and the action of the President in so wisely and courageously meeting the exigency by drastic but constructive executive orders, the resolution contains the following:

"We unreservedly approve the policies adopted by President Roosevelt and his associates to meet this grave crisis in the nation's history, pledge our loyal support and appeal to our citizens in general to co-operate with constituted authority in the letter and in the spirit for the common good of our beloved Country."

Undoubtedly this expressed approval of our President's course, and this pledge of loyal support, indicates the spirit which pervades the whole Order. But it is helpful thus to give formal expression to such sentiments. It crystallizes them and tends to render them more practically effective.

It is for this reason that the action of Tampa Lodge is here noted and commended for its display of a truly patriotic spirit, worthy of emulation.

HALF FULL OR HALF EMPTY?

■ Relativity, as a technical science, of which Einstein is the great exponent, is a very abstruse subject. Few men know enough about it to discuss it. But



relativity, in its simpler acceptance, as meaning the relation of one thing or condition to another in every-day life, is easy to understand. And the suggestion of such relationship is often helpful in disclosing real values.

We have had our attention so frequently called to the losses which nearly every one has sustained in the last year

or two; and to the things which so many now have to do without; and to the sacrifice of so much that we had come to regard as almost essential; that we sometimes lose sight of what is still ours, the things we can continue to enjoy, the really essential and desirable things that remain available.

Relatively our losses and deprivations shrink in magnitude and importance when we compare them with our remaining possessions and opportunities. It is a matter of view-point. It is the difference between optimism and pessimism. It is illustrated by the current story of two men sitting at a table with a bottle of wine between them. One said, with a smile: "Well, the bottle is still half-full." The other said, with a scowl: "It is half gone."

The fraternal application is obvious. If we keep our minds directed to the numbers dropped from the rolls or dimitted, we become deeply concerned. It is natural and proper that we should give consideration to this problem, with every purpose to meet it effectively. But

if we will but realize the great stalwart body that remains loyal and steadfast, that is carrying on with undiminished courage and unwavering confidence, then there is no occasion for alarm or undue apprehension.

We should realize that our fraternal bottle is four-fifths full of wine of the finest quality, instead of losing sight of that fact in the contemplation that one-fifth has been consumed.

CHILDREN THE CHIEF SUFFERERS

■ There is nothing quite so appealing to one's sympathies as an undernourished, underprivileged child. It is difficult to remain unmoved and inactive when the concrete examples are presented to actual observation. Unhappily the number of such children has increased tremendously in the past year or two. Indeed they are, perhaps, the chief sufferers from existing conditions.

For those of us who are more matured and somewhat injured to sacrifice, and who are capable of a philosophic survey of conditions in the light of past experience, the period through which we are passing is one of marking time, with what patience may be mustered. There is distress and suffering among the elders, of course, but there is a better capacity for endurance and resistance.

But economic necessities in many instances have resulted in a lack of the actual nourishment which is so essential to the health and development of the very young. The first effect of that privation will be an unfortunate arrest and retardation of normal growth. And this eventuates in an inevitable lasting physical handicap.

Those same necessities have also resulted in a loss of the educational training usually available. Inadequate clothing and other home causes are keeping thousands of children from school during the important formative period of their lives. Not only is this an unfortunate break in such training, but the natural effect will be to induce a changed outlook, likely to color the future.

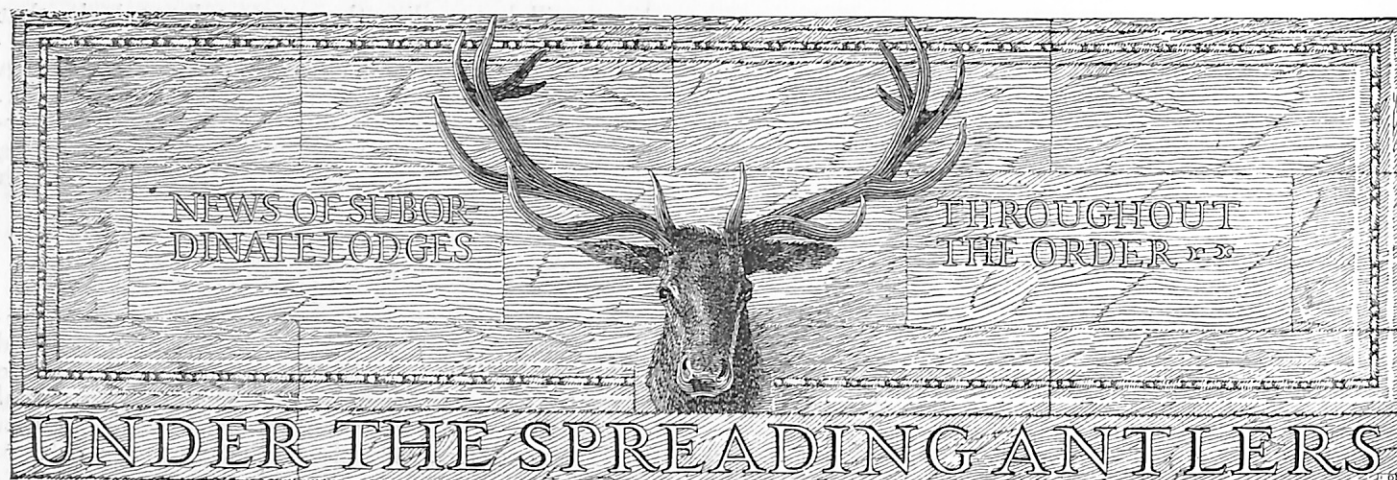
It is pathetic that those who thus suffer are so helpless and so innocent. And that fact should stir the hearts of those who can do so, to take such victims into special consideration, as objects of chief concern; and to minimize the threatened damage as far as practicable.

Those who are thus affected are not generally before the physical eyes of the public. They are tucked away in the homes. The very conditions tend to a withdrawal from the usual open contacts. They should be sought out for special aid.

The subordinate Lodges of the Order have performed a notable work in meeting the exacting demands of the times. But it must be remembered that we are engaged in a war; a war against economic disaster; one that is taking a toll comparable to the most devastating of wars fought with modern arms and munitions. And our good work must be continued.

In doing this a special thought should be given to the children involved. They will pay heavily at best. It behooves us to do all that is possible to lessen the cost to them.





Red Lion, Pa., Lodge Instituted by District Deputy Aflerbach

The ceremony of instituting Red Lion, Pa., No. 1592, took place in the large auditorium of the Municipal Building with District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Gurney F. Aflerbach in the chair. Approximately six hundred Elks were present, including delegations from many Pennsylvania Lodges, notably Lancaster Lodge, No. 134; Harrisburg Lodge, No. 12; Hanover Lodge, No. 763; Gettysburg Lodge, No. 1045; Columbia Lodge, No. 1074; Allentown Lodge, No. 130; Reading Lodge, No. 115; Middletown Lodge, No. 1092; Carlisle Lodge, No. 578; Coatesville Lodge, No. 1228; Chambersburg Lodge, No. 600; York Lodge, No. 213; Lebanon Lodge, No. 631; Norris-town Lodge, No. 714; and Chester Lodge, No. 488. After the Lodge had been instituted, officers were elected for the coming year and a class of ninety-four candidates was initiated, bringing the membership of the new Lodge to one hundred and seventy-four. C. M. Ehehalt was chosen as Exalted Ruler and Charles C. Meads as Secretary. Appropriate and inspiring addresses were delivered by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Aflerbach; Daniel J. Miller, Vice-President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association; Amos W. Herrmann, Past Exalted Ruler of York Lodge and several others. At the close of the session, York Lodge turned over its Home to No. 1592 and a reception was held for all the visiting Elks. For the present Red Lion Lodge will hold its regular meetings in the Spangler Building, but ground has already been broken and contracts let for the erection of a three-story, thoroughly modern Home at an approximate cost of thirty thousand dollars. The dedication of this new building is expected to take place during the latter part of September. Meanwhile plans for increasing the membership are busily going forward and a large class of candidates is scheduled for initiation in May. THE ELKS MAGAZINE congratulates the officers and members of the new Lodge and wishes them a long, prosperous and successful career in the Order.

Splendid Relief Work Organized by Lodges in Earthquake Area

The Lodges which sustained the greatest amount of damage during the recent earthquake disaster in California were: Compton Lodge, No. 1570, where the building rented by the Lodge was completely demolished, involving a loss of approximately \$2,000 in furniture and furnishings; Huntington Park Lodge, No. 1415; Inglewood Lodge, No. 1492, and Long Beach Lodge, No. 888, each of which will have extensive repairs to make. Undaunted by their own losses, the Lodges of California realized the urgent need of relief in the stricken area, and within an amazingly short time had subscribed a fund of \$2,500 which was placed in the hands of a committee headed by Horace

H. Quinby, President of the California State Elks Association; C. P. Hebenstreit, Past Exalted Ruler of Huntington Park Lodge, and Dr. Ralph Hagan, Past Grand Trustee. The local Lodges which suffered most heavily were among the first organizations to render aid to the citizens of their respective communities, distributing food supplies, water and other necessary commodities where the need was most urgent. Long Beach Lodge threw its entire facilities open to the public and served over 20,000 hot meals to the people during the first week after the quake. They furnished more than one thousand baskets of food to citizens of the city and also loaned a considerable amount of equipment to the Salvation Army. This is by no means a full report of the splendid work done by the California Lodges in this crisis but represents all the details available at this writing.

Residents of National Home Enjoy Musical Entertainment

The La Grange Musical Duo, an accomplished team of musicians, recently gave the residents at the Elks National Home a unique show. The stage was covered with unusual

musical appliances; marimba and xylophone, piano accordion, saxophone, banjo and organ chimes, from which the versatile players evolved a medley of popular music. The concluding number was performed with what is claimed to be the most ambitious device ever used by a novelty musical group. Bottles of various shapes and sizes, tuned and assembled, tinkled out, with piano accompaniment, selections from Faust, Hungarian Rhapsodies, Hawaiian and native popular melodies. The entertainment was graciously presented without cost to the Home and will be remembered with sincere pleasure by the large and appreciative audience.

Varied Activities of Manila, P. I., Lodge

Despite the adverse conditions of the past year, Manila, P. I., Lodge, No. 761, has been very successful in adding new members to its roster. This success has fired the members with a desire to make even greater progress in the coming year, and a vigorous membership campaign has been launched with that aim in view. On the social side, the outstanding recent event was the annual picnic and barbecue

PHOTO BY
FRED E. COOK



Evidence of the activity and enthusiasm of the membership of San Juan, P. R., Lodge, is the beautiful new Home of this far away unit of the Order. The picture shows a view of the lounge

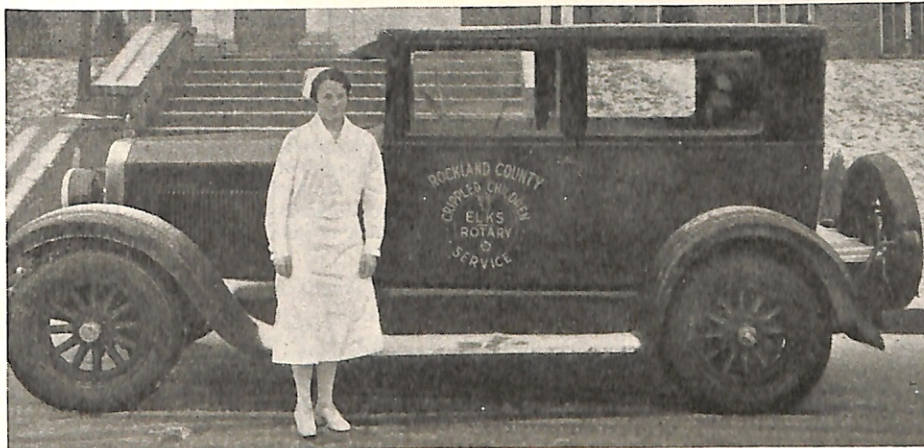
at Canlubang, Laguna, on the beautiful grounds of the Calamba Sugar Estate. Taking advantage of the fine weather, the picnickers devoted the morning to golf, horseshoe pitching, bowling and swimming contests in the large outdoor pool. At noon the crowd gravitated to the tables attractively spread under the trees near the barbecue pit. An airplane was on hand to take passengers for short sight-seeing trips, and the day was pronounced a complete success by the five hundred or more participants. Manila Elks take a very active interest in bowling and recently tried an innovation in the form of a mixed Candle Pin Tournament. Eight teams competed and the tournament, which wound up with a Dutch lunch by way of celebration, turned out to be the biggest bowling event staged to date in the Lodge alleys.

Eleven O'Clock Toast Pronounced On Vessel in Mid-Ocean

An interesting event took place when six Elks, previously unknown to each other, met on



Logansport, Ind., Lodge got together with the Shriners and produced a minstrel for the benefit of under-nourished school children



Sponsored by Postmaster General James A. Farley, Past Exalted Ruler, Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge, with the cooperation of Haverstraw Rotary, has inaugurated a Crippled Children program. Above is Miss Gleason, R. N., with car used to visit and care for cripples in their homes

the S.S. *Manhattan*, westward-bound from European ports to New York. These enthusiastic members immediately decided that the occasion should be noted with due ceremony, and it was arranged that the eleven o'clock toast should be delivered that night in the ship's lounge. With the aid of the chief steward a gong was secured, the services of the orchestra enlisted, and the lighting arrangements made. Cassius H. Daly, Past Exalted Ruler of Englewood, N. J., Lodge, No. 1157, gave the toast; John De Vries, Esteemed Loyal Knight of Geneva, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1054, sounded the eleven strokes upon the gong and then led the singing of "Auld Lang Syne." The other Elks to take part in this unique ceremony were Edwin G. O'Brien, of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, and Daniel J. Moore, of Glen Cove, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1458, who were the first to conceive the idea; Richard Stamm, of Anderson, Ind., Lodge, No. 209, and Donald Campbell, of Patchogue, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1323.

Sale of Buddy Poppies Will Begin Memorial Day Week

The Buddy Poppy sale, sponsored by the Veterans of Foreign Wars, will take place the week of Memorial Day. These little scarlet flowers will be offered for sale in virtually every city, town and village throughout the entire country. THE ELKS MAGAZINE takes this occasion to urge all members of the Order to buy the flowers again this year as they so generously have done in the past. Proceeds from the purchase of the Buddy Poppies, made by the disabled ex-Service men in the Government hospitals, are devoted to

welfare and relief work among the veterans and their families. A portion, too, goes to the care of the widows and children of the soldier-dead, through an allotment to the Veterans of Foreign Wars National Home for Widows and Orphans of ex-Service men, in Michigan.

Past District Deputy Davies Secretary of Panama Canal Zone Lodge

Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Richard M. Davies, first Exalted Ruler of Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414, and a former member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, was elected Secretary of No. 1414 at the recent balloting for new officers. Mr. Davies is widely known throughout the Order, despite the remoteness of his Lodge, by his regular attendance at the conventions of the Grand Lodge. Walter C. Friday is the new Exalted Ruler of No. 1414.

Stolen Membership Card Being Used Fraudulently

The membership card in Cliffside Park, N. J., Lodge, No. 1502, issued to Adrian Boylan on or about March 10, 1932, numbered 101 and bearing member's number 344, was stolen some time ago and has been used by two men, sometimes together, sometimes singly, to gain admittance to Elks Homes, where they have imposed upon members. One of these men is described as being about 5 feet, 10 inches in height and weighing in the neighborhood of 200 pounds. His hair and complexion are light and he has small, close-set eyes. His companion is reported to be about 5 feet, 4 inches in

height, slight, dark and wearing a mustache and glasses. Secretaries of all Lodges, particularly those in the Atlantic states, should be on the lookout for this card, and if it is presented notify the authorities.

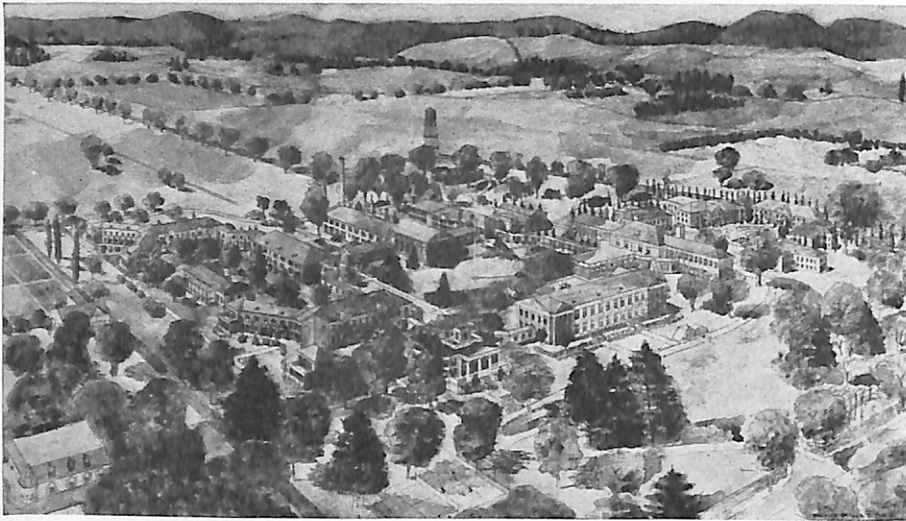
News Sought Regarding Whereabouts of J. J. Ford

Anyone possessing any information as to the whereabouts of J. J. Ford will confer a great favor upon his family by communicating with his brother, L. J. Ford, 704 Jefferson Street, Muskegon Heights, Michigan. J. J. Ford, who has not been heard from by his family for six or seven years, is believed to be a life member of Houston, Texas, Lodge, No. 151.

Hillside, N. J., Lodge Is Instituted

The institution of Hillside, N. J., Lodge, No. 1591, took place recently at the Home of Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, No. 289, with James V. Harkins, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler and Past Exalted Ruler of New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge, No. 324, as the installing officer, assisted by George L. Hirtzel, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler and Past President of the New Jersey State Elks Association. The following well known Elks also participated in the installation ceremonies: William Conklin, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight; Edgar T. Reed, Past President of the State Elks Association; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Richard F. Flood; Thomas Osborne, Vice-President of the State Elks Association; and Charles Wibiralski, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler. After the opening of the new Lodge a class of twenty-five candidates was initiated, the initiatory work being exemplified by the officers of Elizabeth Lodge. Election of officers followed, Lemuel A. Hull being chosen Exalted Ruler and Judge August C. Ullrich Secretary. After the installation of the officers, Judge Ullrich presented the newly elected Exalted Ruler with a gavel from the original committee of institution, consisting of thirteen members who had been formulating plans for the new Lodge since last October. After listening to addresses from the installing officers, the session adjourned and refreshments were served in the auditorium. THE ELKS MAGAZINE offers its congratulations and best wishes to the forty-five members of Lodge No. 1591.

It is gratifying to be able to chronicle in one month the institution of two such fine Lodges as Hillside and Red Lion.



The New York State Reconstruction Home at West Haverstraw, N. Y.

By Frank L. Armstrong

Chairman, Social and Community Welfare Committee,
New York State Elks Association

The Care of Crippled Children in New York

NEW YORK State was afflicted with a serious epidemic of infantile paralysis in 1916. Resources of the State were employed in a limited way to help correct the deformities caused by the epidemic.

As this work was carried on the need for community assistance became more apparent. Social and fraternal organizations contributed generously in various communities until, in many instances, it was found the cost of maintaining an adequate service through local enterprise was prohibitive.

During this period, the Elks Lodges were very active in this movement, aiding, in any manner they were called upon, these unfortunates.

A preliminary study was made by these social and fraternal groups to determine the size of the project and when the data were pooled on a State-wide basis, the results clearly

indicated a need of a more extensive program.

These groups combined their interests and called upon the Governor and the Legislature to care for the physically handicapped children in a more direct and intensive manner. The result of this appeal was the enactment of several laws, which created our present New York State plan.

During the entire legislative fight the Elks were represented, and were of great assistance in the final passage of the bills.

This plan makes available facilities for the physical care, and education of physically handicapped children, through the jurisdiction and order of The Children's Court. The cost of such service is borne jointly by the County and State, upon orders approved by the Commissioner of Health or the Commissioner of Education.

In order to carry out this plan, definite

bureaus were organized in the State Department of Health and the State Department of Education and, while these bureaus are in the separate major State Departments, the work has been so closely co-ordinated from the beginning that the supervision of the physical and educational care of the physically handicapped children functions practically as a single unit.

An Advisory Council composed of representatives from the social and fraternal groups was created in 1926, to see that care was exercised in each development since that date, to consider the interests of the local and fraternal groups in order that the children would still continue to retain the social and fraternal support of these local agencies.

The Order of Elks has been represented on this Council from its institution.

The growth of this service has been striking, not only from the numbers served, but also from the standpoint of the costs of the service rendered, as indicated by the following statistics:

Development of Children's Court Orders and State Aid

Fiscal Year	Number of Orders	State Aid	Total Cost	Per Capita Cost
1926-27...	306	\$47,333.40	\$94,666.81	\$309.37
1927-28...	569	61,345.58	122,691.16	215.63
1928-29...	792	82,944.90	175,889.81	222.80
1929-30...	1,098	130,822.47	261,645.95	238.29
1930-31...	1,715	208,751.89	417,503.79	243.44
1931-32...	2,019	263,204.69	526,409.38	260.72
Total..	6,499	\$794,402.84	\$1,598,806.90	\$248.37

Active care and supervision is now being given to 13,769 cases, through a perfect (Continued on page 48)

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

CONTINUING his visits in New England, Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, after attending the annual banquet to the Grand Exalted Ruler given in Boston by the Massachusetts State Elks Association, called on Springfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 61, where he delivered the Washington's Birthday address.

Approximately 300 members were on hand for the reception and informal luncheon which marked the occasion. Exalted Ruler James M. Healy introduced Mayor D. R. Winter, who welcomed Judge Thompson to the city. The guest of honor and other distinguished guests were presented by Past Grand Exalted

Ruler John F. Malley, a member of No. 61. Delegations were present from Pittsfield, Adams, Holyoke, Northampton and Worcester, Mass., and Hartford, Conn., Lodges, while among the well-known individual members were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Malley and (Continued on page 46)



A section of the beautifully decorated dining room of Newport, R. I., Lodge on the occasion of the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit

Central Edition

This Section Contains Additional News of Central States Lodges

Cleveland, O., Lodge Celebrates Birthday of the Order

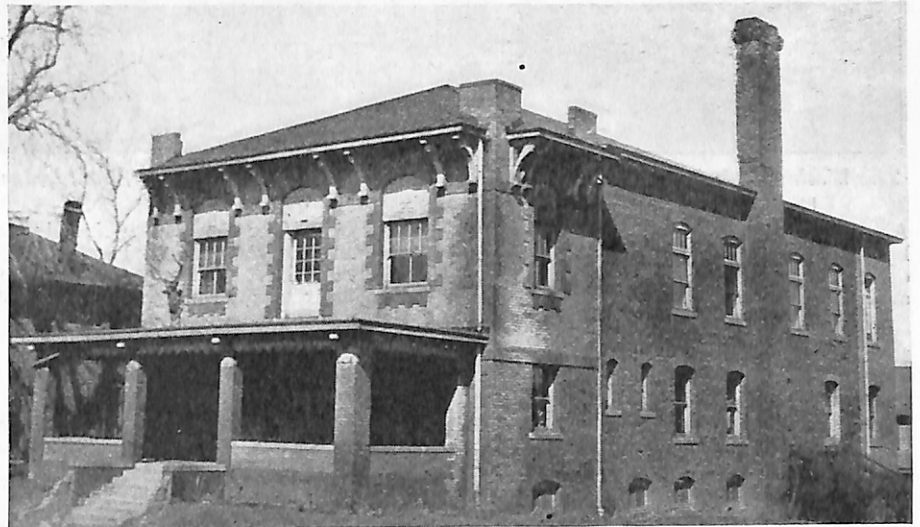
The meeting of Cleveland, O., Lodge, No. 18, which celebrated the sixty-fifth birthday of the Order was attended by more than three hundred and fifty members, many visitors from Elyria, Lakewood, Painesville, Ashtabula, Akron, Kent, Barberton, Youngstown, Canton, Lorain and New Philadelphia Lodges helping to swell the number. Henry C. Warner, Grand Esquire, and Walter F. Meier, former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum and former Chairman of the Committee on Judiciary, represented Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson who was unable at the last moment to attend, and each delivered an enthusiastically received address. Other Grand Lodge and State Association officers present at this highly successful gathering were: Robert L. Queisser, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight; Norman C. Parr, President, William F. Bruning, First Vice-President, Charles A. Booth, Third Vice-President, and William G. Campbell, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, of the Ohio State Elks Association; William G. Lambert, Past President of the State Association; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. R. H. Seymour; and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Louis H. Jurgens, and A. C. Andreas. Frank T. Cullitan, Past Exalted Ruler of Cleveland Lodge, and Prosecutor of Cuyahoga County, presided, and seven judges of the county who are members of the Order were guests of the Lodge.

Coshocton, Ohio, Lodge Degree Team Performs

The former State champion Degree Team of Coshocton, O., Lodge, No. 376, recently gave an exemplification of the ritual before a large audience in the Home of the Lodge. At the dinner which was served following the ritualistic work, Fred L. Bohn, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, and Norman C. Parr, President of the Ohio State Elks Association, addressed the meeting. Visitors were present from Zanesville, Cambridge, Newcomerstown and New Philadelphia, O., Lodges.

Boone, Iowa, Lodge Entertains District Deputy Walser at Initiation

Despite a blizzard of traffic-crippling proportions, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. A. Walser and a group of members of Marshalltown, Ia., Lodge, No. 312, succeeded in making their way to the Home of Boone, Ia., Lodge, No. 563, where they were guests at a meeting and initiation. The Boone officers



The comfortable and home-like building occupied by Creston, Iowa, Lodge

were highly complimented by the District Deputy on their fine rendition of the ritual.

"Sportsmen's Night" At Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge

A capacity audience of seven hundred witnessed the fourth annual "Sportsmen's Night" at Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, No. 44, recently. The program included a showing of deep sea and fresh water pictures; addresses by Judge W. M. Ericson, of Red Wing, Minn., President of the Isaac Walton League and Past President of the Minnesota State Association; E. V. Willard, acting Commissioner of Conservation; Grover Conzet, State Forester; A. C. Hanson, Public Relations director of the Game and Fish Department, and A. L. Dretchko, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler of Minnesota North. The variety bill which followed the talks was concluded with the presentation of medals to the winners of the various fishing championships of 1932. The medals, presented to the Lodge by President Ivar Hennings, of the South Bend Bait Company, were awarded by Exalted Ruler Herbert F. Schoening.

Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge Celebrates Institution Fifty-two Years Ago

Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, was instituted in March, 1881, and a few weeks ago

"The Boys of Auld Lang Syne"—members of more than twenty years standing—celebrated the successful conclusion of the fifty-second year of its existence. George W. June, Past Grand Tiler, and a charter member of No. 13, was present, and messages were received from the other five remaining charter members, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, former Postmaster-General Harry S. New, James V. Cook, Eugene A. Cooper and Charles F. Cleaveland. The celebration took the form of an old-fashioned dinner and social session, with informal reminiscence, entertainment and song.

New Orleans, La., Lodge Holds Antler Initiation

Extensive activities marked the largest Antler meeting to be held in New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30, in two years, when eleven new candidates were initiated into the junior order. After the ceremony several members of New Orleans Lodge addressed the meeting.

Blue Island, Ill., Lodge Holds Annual Show

The hard work that went into the preparation of the 1933 Elks' Show given by Blue Island, Ill., Lodge, No. 1331, was amply compensated for by the dramatic and financial success achieved by "Pirate Gold." Keen interest is likewise being manifested in ping-pong.

WITH this issue The Elks Magazine inaugurates a policy which makes it possible to increase greatly its content of Lodge news. In addition to publishing, as in the past, reports of State Association meetings, of the activities of Grand Lodge officers and of Lodges all over the country, it now publishes special news of Eastern Lodges in one edition, in another accounts of doings by Lodges in the Central States, and in a third the activities of Lodges in the far West. Thus, when you see on the cover the words Eastern Edition, or Central Edition or Western Edition, you will know that to the news of national interest and of Lodge activities which you will continue to receive as heretofore, there is added a special section devoted to reports of particular interest to the locality mentioned.

Are the activities of your Lodge regularly reported to the Magazine? They should be, for we are anxious to publish all news of interest to the Order at large. If there is no one in your Lodge charged with the specific responsibility of acting as correspondent, why not, at the next meeting bring up the matter and assure, by the appointment of such a correspondent, the publicity your Lodge activities are entitled to?—THE EDITOR.



The Washington's Birthday party given for its Anniversary Class by Peru, Ind., Lodge

A series of well-attended monthly tournaments has been in progress, and a cup has been donated by a member of the Lodge to be awarded to the winner.

Anderson, Ind., Lodge Shows Fine Membership Gain

With some 400 names on its rolls and five new members awaiting initiation at the time of writing, Anderson, Ind., Lodge, No. 209, is in a strong position and actively engaged in various community projects. The figure given above represents splendid work by Secretary Faye Bronnenberg and other Lodge officers and committee members in securing 154 reinstatements, 15 new members by initiation and 11 by limit, for a net gain of 97 over the figure of April 1, 1932. Anderson Lodge extends a hearty invitation to all Elks to visit its Home.

Past Exalted Rulers' Night Celebrated by Carbondale, Ill., Lodge

Covers were laid for one hundred and seventy-five at the dinner which opened the celebration of Past Exalted Rulers' Night at Carbondale, Ill., Lodge, No. 1243. At the Lodge meeting which followed, a class of seven candidates was initiated and tokens of esteem were presented to the Past Exalted Rulers. Interesting talks were given by some of the distinguished guests present among whom were Dr. J. F. Mohan, President of the Illinois State Elks Association; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Clyde Brewster; and Frank P. White, Executive Secretary of the Illinois Crippled Children's Clinic. An announcement was made that a crippled children's clinic would be held in the near future to be participated in by all Lodges in the vicinity.

Jackson, Mich., Lodge Moves Into Spacious New Quarters

Jackson, Mich., Lodge, No. 113, is now well established in its new Home, formerly the Jackson City Club, at 136 West Cortland Street, into which it moved in February last. A feature of the new quarters are the twenty-one splendid rooms available to travelling Elks. As the new Home is down-town, within walking distance of the business, theatre and shopping districts, these should prove most attractive to members temporarily in the city.

Mankato, Minn., Lodge Is Host To Visiting Members

A generous response on the part of surrounding Lodges to the invitation extended by Exalted Ruler Harold N. Steil contributed greatly to the success of the meeting held recently by Mankato, Minn., Lodge, No. 225. Officers of St. Paul, Minn., Lodge, No. 59, performed the ritualistic work for a class of candidates and the new members were later addressed by several prominent members of the Order. The notable visitors included two Past Presidents of the State Elks Association, Dr. H. L. Bryant and John E. Regan; M. F. Sullivan, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Minnesota South; and Past District Deputy Eugene Toher Owatonna Lodge, No. 1395, led the list of

visitors with a delegation of thirty-six and some of the other Lodges represented were Minneapolis Lodge, No. 44, Albert Lea Lodge, No. 813, Willmar Lodge, No. 952, and Faribault Lodge, No. 1166.

Initiation Marks Meeting Of Pittsburg, Kansas, Lodge

The meeting recently held by Pittsburg, Kansas, Lodge, No. 412, for the initiation of its officers' class of four candidates drew visiting members from Kansas and Missouri Lodges within a radius of one hundred miles. Twenty-five members journeyed from Galena Lodge, No. 677; eleven from Webb City Lodge, No. 861; eight from Springfield Lodge, No. 409; one from Fort Scott Lodge, No. 579; five from Joplin Lodge, No. 501; four from Independence Lodge, No. 780; and eight from Iola Lodge, No. 569. The hundred and seventy-five members of Pittsburg Lodge who acted as hosts to these visitors entertained them at dinner and with a vaudeville show. A week later the officers of Pittsburg Lodge visited Galena Lodge to conduct the initiation ceremonies for a class of sixteen candidates.

District Deputy Dretchko Visits His Home Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. L. Dretchko recently made his official visit to and inspection of his home Lodge, Minneapolis, Minn., No. 44. The initiation of a class of

candidates marked the occasion, and the work of the officers received the commendation of the District Deputy. Following the ceremonies Mr. Dretchko made a most interesting and instructive address.

A Class of Seven Candidates Initiated by Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge

At a meeting attended by one hundred and eighty-six members, Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, initiated a class of seven candidates and has four more applications on its waiting list. After the Lodge session new and old members adjourned to enjoy an old-fashioned oyster fry and were further regaled with a lively and interesting show. The high spot of a recent meeting of No. 13 was the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond F. Thomas who addressed the members and expressed enthusiasm at the condition and progress of the Lodge.

Large Birthday Party For Hampton, Va., Lodge

On the occasion of its thirty-sixth birthday, which fell on St. Patrick's Day, Hampton, Va., Lodge, No. 366, gave an anniversary party attended by several hundred persons. The entire lower floor of the Lodge Home was thrown open for the use of the members and their guests. The entertainment, which followed a short address given by Charles B. Hale, Exalted Ruler of No. 366, consisted of lively music, specialty dances and acts, a minstrel team, and in conclusion, a boxing match. The Gymnasium, in which most of the program was carried out, was specially decorated and lighted for the festivities.

Kankakee, Ill., Lodge to Compete In State Ritualistic Contest

The degree team of Kankakee, Ill., Lodge, No. 627, will represent the East Central District at the state ritualistic contest which will be held in conjunction with the annual convention of the Illinois State Elks Association at Streator, Ill., Lodge, No. 591, in June. The degree team of No. 627 was awarded the district honors after a beautiful exhibition of ritualistic work given at Pontiac, Ill., Lodge,



Superior, Wis., Lodge celebrated with proper ceremony its thirty-fifth anniversary



The splendid Troop of Sea Scouts sponsored and directed by Hibbing, Minn., Lodge

No. 1019, before a large and distinguished gathering. Harry C. Warner, Grand Esquire, was present; the Illinois State Elks Association was represented by Dr. J. F. Mohan, President; Nelson H. Millard, Secretary; William Fritz, Treasurer; Frank Y. Green, White Trophy Chairman; and Lester Street, Ritualistic Chairman of the Northwest District. Also attending were delegations from Ottawa Lodge, No. 588, Streator Lodge, No. 591, La Salle Lodge, No. 584, Bloomington Lodge, No. 281, Lincoln Lodge, No. 914, Oak Park Lodge, No. 1295, Harvey Lodge, No. 1242, Dixon Lodge, No. 779, Galesburg Lodge, No. 894, and Aurora Lodge, No. 705. Members of Pontiac Lodge prepared and served a fine dinner for their guests and several interesting speeches were heard during the social hour which followed the ritualistic work.

Lotto Party at New Orleans, La., Lodge

A hundred or more members and their families gathered together in the Home of New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30, at the first Lotto party to be given by the Lodge. Prizes spurred the contestants on to great efforts, and the evening ended with requests for an encore of the event, proving the contest to be as successful socially as it was financially. Plans were immediately launched to stage another Lotto Party which would be large enough to fill the demand.

Lancaster, O., Lodge Holds Double Anniversary Celebration

A testimonial dinner to the retiring Exalted Ruler, Dr. J. A. Rockey marked the celebration by Lancaster, O., Lodge, No. 570, of its thirty-third birthday and the sixty-fifth anniversary of the Order. Approximately three hundred members attended including a host of guests from Logan, Chillicothe, Jackson, Circleville, New Philadelphia, Zanesville, Akron, Newark and New Lexington Lodges. An orchestra and the Elks quartet entertained with selections during the dinner served in the ball room of the Home and the program which followed featured a eulogy of the guest of honor delivered by Past Exalted Ruler Alcide Brasseur. A message of congratulation from Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson was read; Norman C. Parr, President of the Ohio State Elks Association and Colonel L. G. Silbaugh, Past Exalted Ruler of Lancaster Lodge, and Past President of the State Elks Association, reviewed the history of the Order and the Lodge respectively; and enjoyable speeches were also made by Fred L. Bohn, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler of the South Eastern District of Ohio and Judge Brooks E. Shell who acted as toastmaster.

Lincoln, Ill., Lodge Initiates Class of Fourteen

One of the most successful meetings of Lincoln, Ill., Lodge, No. 914, was held recently, when an initiation, Past Exalted Rulers' Night, and the annual visit of the District Deputy were combined in one session. For the initiation of a class of fourteen, the Past Exalted Rulers took the chairs, and conducted the ritual. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James Finner, among others, addressed the meeting. At the close of the session supper was served.

William J. Conway Reappointed To High State Post

Judge William J. Conway, recently Pardon Commissioner in the Grand Lodge, and before that holder of other important positions, has been reappointed to the Wisconsin State Tax Commission, of which he has been serving as Chairman, by Governor A. G. Schmedeman. Judge Conway, the senior Past Exalted Ruler of Wisconsin Rapids, Wis., Lodge, No. 603, served as a District Deputy Grand Exalted

Ruler, as a member of the Judiciary Committee of the Grand Lodge, and as a Justice of the Grand Forum before his appointment as Pardon Commissioner.

Mena, Ark., Lodge Mourns the Death of Its Oldest Member

John Tomlinson, one of the early Western pioneers and the oldest member of Mena, Ark., Lodge, No. 781, died recently at the home of one of his three surviving sons. Although Mr. Tomlinson died just short of his ninety-eighth birthday, up to the day of his final illness his keen interest in politics and in his many friends never slackened. "Dad" Tomlinson, as he was familiarly known, was born in England. In 1844 Mrs. Tomlinson brought John and his brother and sister across the sea to join his father who was already a pioneer in Wisconsin. At fifteen a cholera epidemic left John the head of the family and its bread winner. He was a miner in Wisconsin until several years after his marriage, when he moved to Iowa and became a farmer, having also some banking interests. Mr. Tomlinson came to Mena to be with his sons after the death of his wife, and in 1912 joined Mena Lodge. He was also a Mason of seventy-two years' standing, a record which is believed to entitle him to the claim of being Arkansas' oldest Mason. In deference to Mr. Tomlinson's expressed wish he was buried beside his wife at their old home in Alden, Iowa. After the service in Mena the body lay in state at the Elks Home until it started on the journey north.

Muskegon, Mich., Lodge Holds Annual Cribbage Tournament

Five years ago the card players among the members of Muskegon, Mich., Lodge, No. 274, presented a silver loving cup to be played for annually at an inter-club cribbage tournament. Since then the Home each year has been the scene of friendly rivalry. In February last 112 players, representing nine different Muskegon organizations, took part in the three evenings of play. While the Elks Home is always the scene of the meeting, the actual conduct of the play is supervised by the winners of the previous year's tournament. Three wins by any one group will bring permanent possession of the trophy. So far, honors are equally divided among the Knights of Pythias, the Eagles, the Masons, the Elks and the Moose.

Evening prizes, in addition to grand prizes, are awarded the individual players and a buffet supper is served at the close of the final session.

Booster Night Big Success at Lansing, Mich., Lodge

Over 150 members attended the meeting on Booster Night, in honor of the committee members of Lansing, Mich., Lodge, No. 196, who served on committees during the previous year. Mementos were presented to all the chairmen, and addresses were made by the incoming and outgoing Exalted Rulers. Refreshments were served at the close of the meeting, and later bridge and hickey were played by the members.

Decatur, Ind., Lodge Holds Initiation and Dinner

A dinner, attended by members of Decatur, Ind., Lodge, No. 993, and Bluffton, Ind., Lodge, No. 796, was held recently in the Decatur Lodge Home. After dinner the large crowd of Elks in attendance retired to the Lodge room to witness the initiation of a class of candidates, the ritualistic work being performed with dignity and eloquence by the famous Degree Team of Bluffton Lodge. The large number of Elks present at the meeting gave rise to a cheery feeling that better days were at hand.

San Antonio, Texas, Lodge Welcomes Members of Aero Club

The Aero Club, an association composed of cadets in training at the United States Flying Field at San Antonio, Texas, Lodge, No. 216. The members of the Lodge are exerting themselves to make the cadets feel at home and to make sure that their training period shall be a pleasant memory. The cadets are enthusiastic about the Elks Club and all its facilities, and the members feel that in addition to bringing new life into the Home, these young men present excellent prospects for membership in the Order.

Old Timers' and Birthday Night At Omaha, Neb., Lodge

An Old Timers' and Birthday Night was recently featured at Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39. Following the dinner in the Grill Room and the concert by the Elks Band and the Elks Apollo Quartet in the Lodge room there came the regular meeting, at which a class of twenty-five candidates was initiated. There were many prominent Elks present at the session, both from Omaha Lodge and from out of town. Among the latter was the Rev. Dr. John Dysart, Grand Chaplain, who sat at the



The defending Champions in Houston, Tex., Lodge's annual bowling tournament



A view of the District bridge tournament held in the Home of Oak Park, Ill., Lodge

Exalted Ruler's right during the meeting. After the formal closing of the session a stag social was held. There were several addresses, and entertainment of songs, organ music, and a song and dance act by a quintet.

Grand Forks, N. D., Lodge Provides Dental Clinic for Children

Early in the winter Grand Forks, N. D., Lodge, No. 255, laid the ground-work for its dental clinic by examining over four hundred under-privileged children in the public and parochial schools to determine what treatment might be necessary. Actual work on these cases began in January and will continue, without any charge to parents or children until all have been attended to. All expenses are being assumed by the Lodge, and seven of the fourteen dentists who are doing the work are members of No. 255. The eyes of the school children are also receiving attention, and glasses are furnished to those having defective vision. In this part of the country, where the snowfall is so great and the winters so long and hard, much suffering is caused by the lack of heavy shoes. The Lodge has alleviated much of this suffering by raising funds to supply sturdy shoes for school children whose parents are unable to do so. All this is being done in addition to the work of the Crippled Children's Committee which is going forward as usual.

El Reno, Okla., Lodge Holds Homecoming Anniversary

Prominent Elk officials from all over the state, in addition to many old-timers and a fine representation of Lodge members, brought the attendance at the homecoming celebration of El Reno, Okla., Lodge, No. 743, to nearly two hundred. Exalted Ruler George McLean presided as master of ceremonies at the dinner which began the festivities in honor of the birthday anniversaries of the Order and of Lodge No. 743. Five of the thirteen charter members still living were present, and A. Francis Porta delivered the welcoming address. There was music from two bands during dinner, and afterwards the members and their guests adjourned to the Lodge-room for the balance of the evening's program. Interesting addresses were heard from each of the charter members, two former District Deputies, and several other distinguished guests.

Activities of Valley City, N. D., Lodge Includes Novel Charity Dance

Needy families were temporarily relieved of grocery worries as a result of a recent

charity dance given by Valley City, N. D., Lodge, No. 1110. A sack of flour or sugar, groceries or some non-perishable food was the entrance fee to the party. The generous quantity of food collected was distributed by the Salvation Army. Other major activities of the Lodge have included the annual Homecoming meeting, Past Exalted Rulers' Night, and a minstrel show which netted nearly one thousand dollars for the aid of crippled children.

500 Children Entertained by Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge

Some 500 children, and the adults who accompanied them, were the Washington's Birthday guests of Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, No. 44, at its annual party. The high spot on the program of entertainment and speaking was an address on George Washington delivered by Hon. Floyd B. Olson, Governor of Minnesota. Three-cornered colonial hats, flags and boxes of candy were distributed among the young guests of the Lodge.

Shawnee, Okla., Elk Sought; Memory May Be Impaired

Any Elk who knows the present whereabouts of William Floyd Fleet, a member of Shawnee, Okla., Lodge, No. 657, is urged to communicate at once with the Secretary of the Lodge, Phil A. Watson; or with Mr. Fleet's wife, whose address is Tecumseh, Okla. Mr. Fleet disap-

peared some time ago and last was heard of in Memphis, Tenn., on Thanksgiving Day. It is believed that he may be suffering from a partial loss of memory and that he may have assumed a name not his own. He is a man twenty-seven years of age, thin and dark, with brown eyes. His height is five feet, seven inches; his weight about one hundred and thirty-five pounds. He has a red birth mark on one of his temples. When last seen he wore a grey hat, light overcoat, black oxfords and a blue flannel suit.

Mayor of St. Louis Installs Brother As Exalted Ruler

Bernard P. Dickmann, three-time Exalted Ruler of St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, No. 9 (1926-27-28), and the newly elected Mayor of the City of St. Louis, the first member of his party to be elected to that office in twenty-four years, together with Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell of East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge, No. 664, conducted the installation of the officers for St. Louis, Mo., Lodge No. 9 on the evening of April 8th. Mayor Dickmann had the singular pleasure of installing his brother, Judge Joseph F. Dickmann, in the office of Exalted Ruler.

Basketball Team of Greeley, Colo., Lodge Makes Fine Record

The basketball team sponsored by Greeley, Colo., Lodge, No. 809, rolled up an enviable record for the season just ended, winning nineteen out of twenty-four games against the best teams of the section and leading traveling teams. The Elks' team scored 940 points as against 640 for their opponents. The team this year was made up entirely of Greeley boys who played without compensation. They were outfitted by the Lodge with handsome uniforms which aroused much admiration. The team was coached by L. H. "Vandy" Vanderhoof, former Colorado Aggie star, who generously donated his time and effort. Thanks to their popularity this year, the Elks are looking forward to a bigger and better season in 1933-34.

Massillon, O., Lodge Installs New Officers and Initiates Class

About one hundred and fifty local and visiting Elks from the neighboring Lodges of Canton, Barberton, New Philadelphia, Dover, Alliance and Wooster attended the meeting of Massillon, O., Lodge, No. 441, at which the officers for the coming year were installed with Charles A. Booth, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, officiating as installing officer. A class of ten candidates was initiated into the Lodge and an enjoyable supper was served at the close of the Lodge session.



These Gold Star mothers were recently the guests of Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge



The cars of the 1932 Good-Will Fleet at South Bend, Indiana

Milwaukee, Here They Come

Elks Official Purple and White Fleet Prepares to Leave New York City, Tallahassee, and Los Angeles on Transcontinental Good-Will Tour, May 31st

WEDNESDAY morning, May 31st, the six cars of the Elks Official Good-Will Fleet will start on their separate ways to Milwaukee, scene of the 1933 National Convention. This year, the Fleet will be augmented by the addition of three Rockne Roadsters, one of each being scheduled to accompany a Studebaker Convertible Sedan over three transcontinental routes. Two cars will leave from Florida's capital, Tallahassee, two from New York City and two from Los Angeles.

The two West Coast couriers will journey North up to Seattle and it is hoped to have them present at the Washington State Elks Convention at Everett, June 17th or 18th. The cars leaving from Tallahassee will proceed down the Florida Gulf Coast around to Miami and then up to Jacksonville and with many detours to fulfill requested visits will travel North through Tennessee, Missouri, Illinois and other central States.

The cars leaving Los Angeles, former home of Paul Hoffman, President of the Studebaker Company, will after touring the West Coast, turn East and visit many Lodges in territories untouched by the two cars which proceed from Florida.

The Eastern Good-Will ambassadors, after leaving New York City, will journey up the Hudson Valley to Albany, thence into Rochester, where they will attend the New York State Elks Convention which is scheduled for June 4, 5, 6 and 7 and will then swing East into New England with a stop-off at Greenfield, Massachusetts, to participate in the ceremonies incident to the Massachusetts State Elks Convention, June 11, 12, and 13. Turning West, they will follow Long Island Sound shore line, then into New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Washington, D. C., Virginia and Maryland and into Ohio and other Middle Western States.

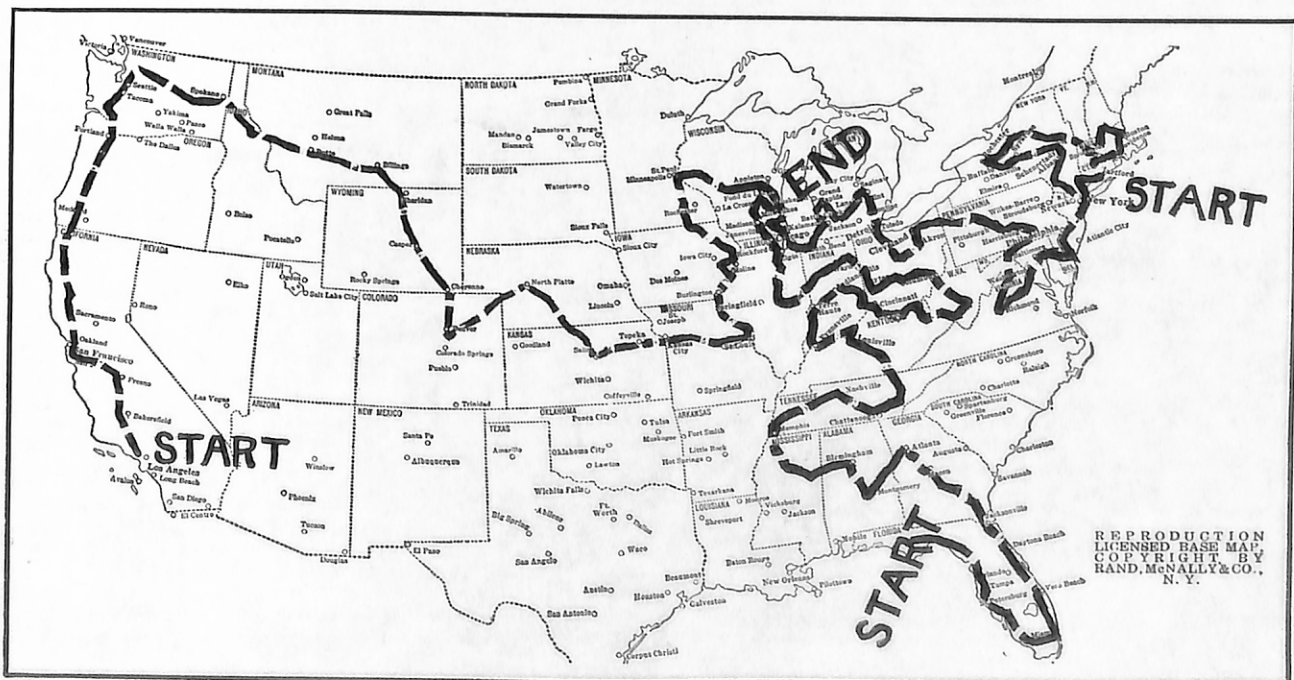
All six cars of the Fleet will arrive in

Milwaukee, Monday morning, July 17th, opening day of the National Grand Lodge Convention.

Despite the fact of a start later than usual for the Good-Will Tours, the extra week in July necessitated by an extension of the National Convention dates still permits the usual number of Lodges to be visited and does not curtail the number of miles usually traveled in these Tours.

All cars will be equipped with Firestone Tires and will use Quaker State Motor Oils and Ethyl Gasoline exclusively throughout the Tour. Repeated tests having revealed these products to have the necessary qualifications for use in what really is one of the most grueling of endurance runs.

From the many letters of enthusiasm and invitation received from subordinate Lodges, the 1933 Good-Will Tour promises to live up to the name so aptly given it by one of the Grand Lodge members who in a letter termed it, "The Happy Days Delegates."





ELKDOM OUTDOORS

Our Policy—To Encourage the Replenishment of America's Fields and Forests, Lakes and Streams

J. H. Hamilton and Wilbur B. Hart, Associate Field Sports Editors

Elks National Trap-shoot

By J. H. Hamilton

HEADED by the efficient chairman, Mr. L. D. Frint, the Milwaukee Trap-shoot Committee is in full swing in its preparation to give the shooters who attend the Convention this year the finest shoot we have ever had.

They have secured the use of the clubhouse and grounds of the Milwaukee Gun Club, one of the finest clubs in the United States being ideally located on the shores of Lake Michigan and having four standard traps and one joker trap.

To those who have never had the opportunity to shoot targets thrown over water, a pleasant surprise is waiting. Water and sky meet as the perfect background for visibility. One is at first inclined to misjudge distance, but with very little practice, a shooter soon finds the targets very much to his liking. If the weather is windy there might be a tendency for the target to dip and zoom out of proportion to their antics in the same kind of weather at an inland club. At some shore shooting clubs, the position of the traps permits sun-glare to become very bothersome, but such is not the case at the Milwaukee Gun Club.

Every effort is being made by the committee to make this shoot as inexpensive as possible for the members who attend and yet are offering prizes and trophies running into several hundreds of dollars.

If effort by the committee, perfect grounds, and the cooperation of shooters all over the country means anything, we should have the largest and most enthusiastic shoot since 1926 when the convention was held in Chicago. You can be of assistance to the committee by forwarding to them your early registration. Along with the plans for the National Trap-shoot, the Wisconsin State championship will be held on Sunday, July 16th.

PROGRAM

9:00 A.M., July 16

Event No. 1

INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIP

100 Targets 16 Yards

Entrance Fee \$2.00

Event No. 2

INDIVIDUAL HANDICAP CHAMPIONSHIP

25 Targets 16 to 25 Yards

Entrance Fee 50c

Event No. 3

DOUBLE CHAMPIONSHIP

12 Pair Entrance Fee 50c

FIVE MAN TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP

Five High Scores of Each Lodge To Make Up Lodge Team

Scores from the Individual 100 Target Event

(Trophy for Winning Team to be Won Three Times)

9:00 A.M., July 17

NATIONAL ELKS SINGLE CHAMPIONSHIP

100—16-Yard Targets

Entrance \$3.50

1st Prize—Appropriate Trophy

2nd " " "

3rd " " "

4th " " "

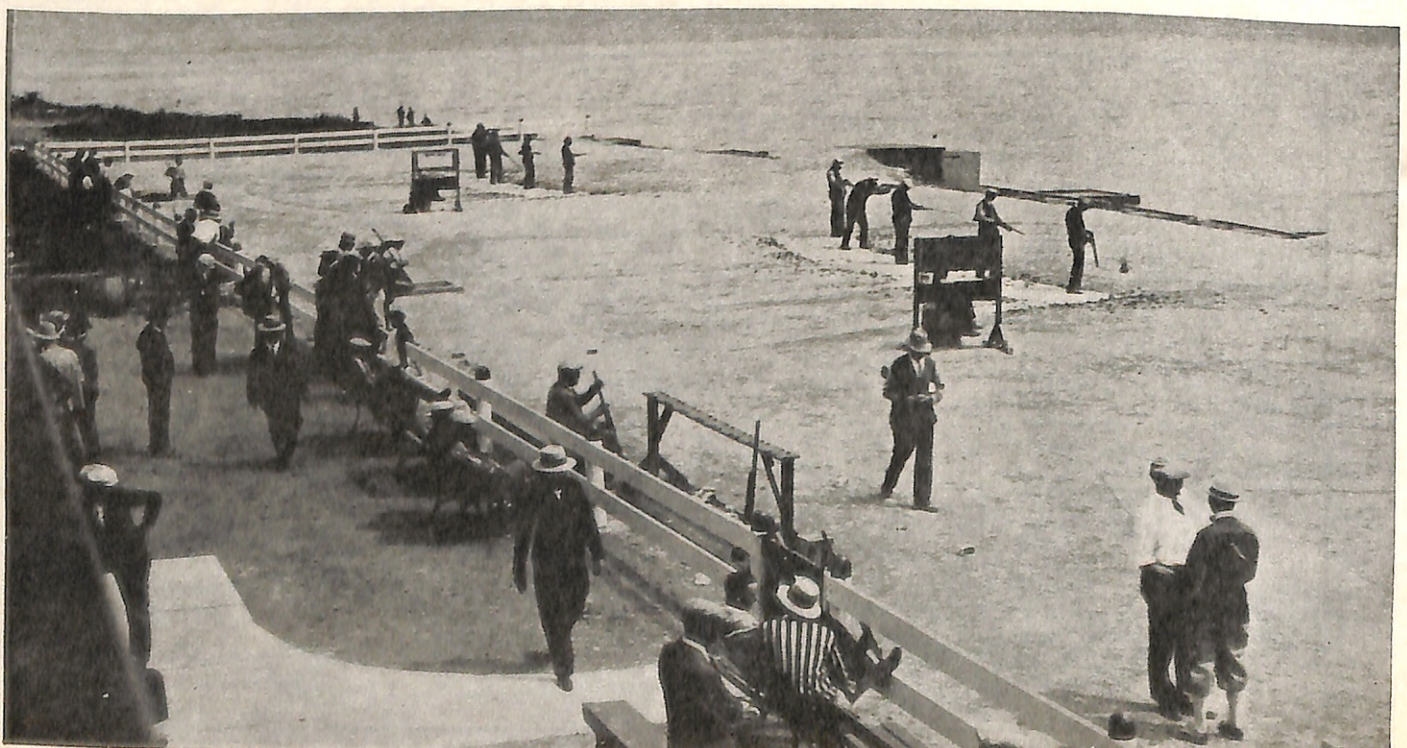
5th " " "

NATIONAL ELKS LODGE CHAMPIONSHIP—5-MAN TEAM

Entrance for 5-Man Team \$1.00

Five High Elks from any State present on Tuesday who competed in the Monday morning event shoot will compete in Elks National State Team Race on Tuesday afternoon.

Trophy each man in the Winning Team
Trophy each man in the Runner Up Team
Trophy each man in the Third High Team



COURTESY MILWAUKEE JOURNAL

When you shoot... at Milwaukee

Those great days a-coming, the Elks' National Trap Shoot, at Milwaukee during the week of July 17th—make them count for the most by using "Ammunition you can shoot with confidence."

Shooters who put their faith in Peters Shells have won all the world's greatest trap-shooting events: The Grand American Handicap, Monte Carlo World's Championship on live pigeons, and sectional and state titles too numerous to mention.

The "smashingest" shell ever made for breaking clay birds is Peters "Trap Load." It is the result of exclusive Peters "Sparkograph" research and development. It is built into a pleasing

PETERS



"orange-colored shell," with 3 drams, 1 1/4 oz. No. 7 1/2 or No. 8 chilled shot.

For those who prefer them, there are also Peters "Target", Peters "Victor" and Peters "High Velocity" Gildkote Shells. All record breakers—a Peters shell to meet the requirements of every trap-shooter. Follow the suit of other topnotchers and come prepared to win—with Peters.



THE PETERS CARTRIDGE COMPANY

Dept. E-69; KINGS MILLS, OHIO
New York San Francisco

PETERS
AMMUNITION

AMMUNITION YOU CAN SHOOT
WITH CONFIDENCE

NATIONAL ELKS DOUBLES CHAMPIONSHIP

50 Pair Doubles Entrance \$2.50
Five Prizes.....All Trophies

9:00 A.M., July 18th

NATIONAL ELKS HANDICAP CHAMPIONSHIP

Registered with A. T. A.

100 Targets 16 yds. to 25 yds.
Entrance \$3.50
Five Prizes.....All Trophies

NATIONAL STATE 5-MAN TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP

100—16-yard Targets per Member
Entrance per Team \$5.00

Teams will be squared and shoot as a squad
Trophy to each member of first three winning teams

LADY ELKS CHAMPIONSHIP—Singles —Trophy
" " " —Handicap —"
" " " —Doubles —"

Lady Elks eligible to compete on Lodge or State Team.

Professional Elks may compete in all events for targets only.

Trophy to all-round Champion
High on 16-yard Single Championship
" " Handicap Championship
" " Doubles Championship
Total—300 Targets

All ties will be shot off at 25 Targets excepting all-round which will be at 25 Singles—15 Handicap—10 Pair Doubles.

Ties on Doubles Championship will be shot off at 12 Pair.

Fish and Game for Ohio

A YEAR and a half ago Governor George White, of Ohio, an active member of Marietta, Ohio, Lodge, No. 477, sensed the need of a new deal for Ohio sportsmen.

Their quail were on the songbird list, and in spite of this were showing alarming decreases, as they were by that condition out of the control of Division of Conservation. Many of their streams were being polluted and the few fish being planted had a struggle to survive.

The governor appointed William H. Reinhart, Past President of the Ohio Elks Association and a very active member of Sandusky Lodge, No. 285, as Commissioner, Division of Conservation.

His first move was to order an intensive campaign against stream pollution and to close several hundred miles of streams in thirds, for two year periods, while proper stocking was being done. This was the most drastic plan proposed in years and created a storm of criticism until thoroughly understood and its operation explained to the thousands of fishermen in the state.

This plan was not put into effect without first giving thought to the need for rearing grounds and hatcheries.

Much has been accomplished as shown by the following figures on the number of fish released in 1932. Trout, to the amount of 250,000, were released in Mad River and its tributaries, this being the first attempt to stock Ohio streams in a large way with trout.

The total distribution of fish to inland lakes and streams reached the tremendous total of 166 million. Nineteen thirty-three, with improved equipment and more efficient methods, promises even greater results.

EFFORTS to gladden the hearts of Ohio hunters were not overlooked and the commission are doing just as well by them as the fisherman. Over 26,000 pheasants were released this last spring, along with 226 black and silver con. With breeding stock in hand they hope to release 2,000 this year along with 40,000 rabbits.

The fish and game situation in Ohio is certainly looking up under the very able handling of Brother Reinhart.

Renovo Lodge Provides Recreation Center

RENOVO, Pa., Lodge, No. 334, has constructed a beautiful country club and recreation center located on the right hand branch of Young Woman's Creek, near Renovo, Pa. Easily reached via improved roads it is in the heart of the greatest fish and game territory within the State of Pennsylvania. Open the entire year it affords members of the Order and their guests an incomparable opportunity for recreation, sport and enjoyment of the

great out-of-doors. Every conceivable comfort has been provided through the tireless efforts of members of Renovo Lodge and a welcome which will be long remembered awaits those who find it possible to take advantage of this source of Elk goodfellowship and nature's abundant provision of bear, deer, grouse and other species of small game amid scenery unexcelled. There is also excellent fishing. Those interested in reservations may address—M. C. Coleman of Renovo Lodge 334, Renovo, Pa.



**"One Shot
at a large Hawk
Dropped Him!"**

Try Super-X .22's. You'll be as surprised at their power, speed, range and accuracy as was Rev. R. E. McCully of Hamilton, Miss. Here's what he says:

"Your Super-X cartridges have more than doubled my enthusiasm for .22 shooting. Super-X accuracy is all anyone could desire for hunting, but its killing power is the eye-opening revelation. Two shots, one to the left and the other to the right of the center of a 1 1/2 inch dead pine pole cut it completely apart. Two bullets on the same spot on a sandstone broke out a chunk as large as my two fists. One bullet in a large hawk dropped him like a plummet. This shooting was with hollow-point bullets. My rifle is new. I have shot nothing in it but Super-X and never will. I can make sure hits much farther with Super-X."

Western Super-X .22's, with their longer range, 50% more power and 26% higher speed COST NO MORE than ordinary .22's and give freedom from gun cleaning... Sold everywhere. Write for free descriptive literature.

WESTERN CARTRIDGE COMPANY
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**Western
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Long Range .22 CARTRIDGES



Make Money at Home!
Grow Mushrooms in your cellar or shed! Big demand. Experience unnecessary. We tell you how. Famous White Queen spawn. Illustrated book FREE. Write today! AMERICAN MUSHROOM INDUSTRIES LTD., DEPT 763, TORONTO, ONT.

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A NEW, UNCROWDED INDUSTRY! UNLIMITED MARKET. Unlimited income. Investigate its possibilities. Send for our valuable (FREE) book "Fortune in Bullfrogs." AMERICAN BULLFROG INDUSTRIES, (138) Fremont, Ohio.

FOR BIG PROFITS GROW MUSHROOMS!
We show you how, use cellar, idle space; plant all seasons; overnight crops. We buy; 540% profit; our service free. Act quick. INTERSTATE MUSHROOM ASS'N., BC-707 East 78th, Chicago, Ill.

and whether or not North covers is immaterial, as Dummy has the entry card for the Spade finesse.

The objective is to obtain the lead with an almost worthless hand and retain it for two finesses in one suit (Diamonds) and another finesse in Spades, thus making ten tricks in all.

"The dividing line," wrote one of our great authorities, "between the mediocre Bridge player and the real expert is that the one plays from trick to trick and lets things develop gradually, while the other visualizes

from the first few tricks what is going to be the outcome, by his ability to place suits and cards that are not yet played."

Many requests have been received asking for special articles by Mr. Courtenay, but a large number have also been received asking for complete detail on the New Standardized Official System of bidding.

By arrangement with Bridge Headquarters we are enabled to offer Mr. Courtenay's cloth-

covered book, "Contract Bridge Simplified for 1933," a regular \$1 book, at the actual cost of publishing, namely, 35c in stamps, including postage. If you would like a copy of this book, please send your order direct to Bridge Headquarters, Inc., 285 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y., with the necessary stamps, and it will be mailed to you immediately.

This offer is available only to members of Elks Lodges, and only one book can be sent to one person.

1933 Grand Lodge Convention at Milwaukee, Wis.

(Continued from page 5)

Rules Governing Band Contest

No band will be eligible to compete in the contest unless each of its members has a B. P. O. Elks Membership card, showing that all dues have been paid up to October 1, 1933.

Bands will be divided into two classes, "A," and "B" respectively. Class "A" bands to be composed of at least thirty-five musicians. Class "B" bands to be composed of not less than twenty-five musicians.

No Milwaukee bands will be allowed to compete for prizes.

The position of each band in the contest will be decided by lot immediately before the contest.

Each band will be allowed to play a number of its own selection, not to consume more than five minutes of time, to be followed by the official contest number.

Judges will be competent and experienced band men, and are to be selected by the Grand Lodge Convention Contests Committee.

Points for rating on a basis of ten points for each of the following: 1—Intonation, 2—Tone, 3—Tempo, 4—Balance, 5—Attack, 6—Expression and phrasing, 7—Instrumentation, 8—Appearance, 9—Leadership, 10—Department.

Contest numbers: Class "A": "Stradella"—Flotow—arranged by Carl Fischer. Class "B": "Light Cavalry Overture"—Suppe—arranged by Henry Fillmore. In the event of a tie, the two leading bands will play: Class "A": "Pique Dame"—Suppe—arranged by

Carl Fischer. Class "B": "Youth Triumphant"—Hadley—arranged by Carl Fischer.

Entrance Requirements: Entry shall be made on a prescribed form to Thomas F. Millane, Chairman of the Band Contest Committee, c/o Elks' Club, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, not later than June 30, 1933. Entries received after that date will not be considered.

Drill Teams Contest Rules

The competitive drill for Elks Drill Corps will be held in a suitable place to be announced later.

The competition will take place on Wednesday at 10 A. M., July 19, 1933, during the Sixty-ninth Grand Lodge Convention.

Entrance requirements: Entry shall be made on a prescribed form to the chairman of the Drill Contest Committee of the Elks 1933 Convention Board of Milwaukee Lodge No. 46, Elks' Club, Milwaukee, not later than July 3, 1933. Entries received after that date will not be considered.

Teams—No team will be eligible to compete in the Contest unless each of its members has a B. P. O. E. membership card showing that all dues have been paid to October 1, 1933.

Class "A"—The Class "A" teams shall consist of more than twenty-four men, not including guides, file closers and one leader.

Class "B"—The Class "B" teams shall consist of twenty-four men or less, not including guides, file closers and one leader.

Order of Drill—The Officer in charge of teams

competing shall meet with the Contest Committee at 5:00 P. M., July 18, 1932, and draw for place. Captains of Drill Teams will not be permitted to visit with the judges prior to the contest.

Uniform and Equipment—The style and color of uniforms and kind of equipment carried shall be optional with each team, and the equipment may be omitted, if desired. No music to be used for drill contest.

Inspection—Each team shall be inspected on the grounds by the captain, supervised by the judges. The kind and style of inspection and formation used shall be optional with each captain, except that the time limit on same shall be five minutes. The judges shall not consider the expense of uniforms, but the presence or absence of equipment shall be credited for or against said team.

Length of Drill—Each shall be allowed fifteen minutes for Drill exclusive of inspection, commencing and ending at a signal from the judges, but the Team will be allowed to complete an unfinished movement before leaving the field, without penalty.

Cadence—Cadence to be 128 steps per minute for military drill and 140 steps per minute for fancy display drill, but must be uniform throughout the drill, and will be checked at least three times during the Drill by the timekeeper appointed for the purpose.

Style of Drill—The movements may be either military or fancy display, and the choice and variety shall be optional with each team.

Judges—The judges will be three commissioned officers of the United States Army or National Guard for the Military Drill and three captains of Fraternal Drill Teams for the fancy display drill. The judges are to be selected by the committee in charge of arrangements. A timekeeper will also be appointed and he will present his data to the judges at the finish of each drill.

Promptness—Want of promptness is a military offense and will be treated as an error. A Drill corps will forfeit its place by reason of delay, and in such instance, shall drill after all other contestants.

Percentages—Awards will be made on the following points:

Points	Point Weight	Sub-Weight
1. Inspection	10%	Sizing, alertness, condition of uniforms.
2. Appearance	10%	General set-up, physique and carriage.
3. Cadence	10%	Maintenance of regularity.
4. Alignment and distance	10%	Maintenance of alignment: regularity of distance.
5. Manual	10%	Snappiness and efficiency.
6. Commanding Officer	10%	Appearance, proper bearing, position and alertness.
7. Drill	40%	Variety of movements, precision, attentiveness, alertness and efficiency.

The weight of points will be divided by the judges into ten, and deductions of one-tenth point weight made for each error. No other markings than those stated will be permitted, and the checking of percentages will be given careful consideration by the judges.



"Charmed,
I assure you!"

The Show Goes On

(Continued from page 16)

could see the sweep of snow, cutting off the tips of spruce and pine. Mountain tops had been wiped out. Five minutes later, bent against the wind, Meade's Great Western Circus passed the portals of the storm.

It was impossible to turn back. They were caught on a sidehill road, how long, how tortuous, how dangerous, no one knew. Nor was this a mere flurry.

A half hour went by. The circus was white now; horses with crusted manes and tails, men wrapped in pieces of canvas, splashed with white, or stiff with ice. The temperature had dropped below the freezing point. On a sweeping wind, the snow bore relentlessly onward, the shriek of the blast and the grinding sough of the pines, all but blotting out the clattering noise of the show's progress. Only the occasional, tremulous blast from the throat of Old Bess, invading a land and conditions strangely unfamiliar to her rose above the whining turmoil. She was shrouded now in canvas; Flatiron rode beside her, constantly soothing the big beast.

IN HER wagon, Mother Meade fretted and chatted and berated herself for not having listened to Calvert. It accomplished nothing. They could only struggle onward, while horses slipped, and struggled desperately for footing. Two hours passed. Queen Bess bawled her terror. The gray skies began to take on a dingier tone; early darkness was approaching. Finally, from far ahead, Calvert shouted and rode back.

"All right!" he called to the snow crusted form of Connie Meade. "Take the word along the line. There's a valley up ahead. Good trees and a space for us to pull into. I'll go ahead and get a fire started." He turned Duke then, and rode recklessly up the mountainside.

At last, out of white-blackness, the circus wagons began to turn from the road toward the blaze of the huge campfire; Calvert had even dragged in whole tree-trunks with his saddle rope. Darkness had descended swiftly. The tangle of unhitching began. Flatiron Keats chained Old Bess to a tree and solicitously began the erection of a canvas shelter, from limb to limb above her. Then Leonard Purcell rode into camp, and half-rolling in his saddle, remained mounted, at the edge of the campfire's gleam.

Mother Meade looked up from the log beside the fire, where Calvert and Connie had assisted her to a seat. Then the equestrian had turned to aiding tired, cold men to unhitch.

"That you, Leonard?" asked the old woman.

"Yes, Mother." The voice was hoarse, thick.

The old woman mumbled. She rubbed her rasping palms. She stared into the fire, as if striving for memory. Suddenly she grimaced, and straightened, calling harshly:

"Leonard! Where are those receipts?"

"I've got 'em."

"Well, give 'em to me. You come right here and give 'em to me." In an instant she was working herself into one of those unexplainable rages. "You promised me one yesterday and you didn't give it to me. Now where's that one and where's the other?"

Calvert was passing. Leonard Purcell leaned awkwardly from his saddle.

"Give 'em to her," he said thickly, and passed over two folded pieces of paper. Calvert took them, and glanced hastily upward. This time there was no mistake. The fumes of whisky were thick about the man. Hurriedly he turned the papers over to the old woman. She mumbled and held them to the fire to examine them, at the same time shielding them from Connie's sight. She started to fold them, only to halt. Calvert saw Leonard Purcell grip his saddle horn.

Instinct forced the equestrian's hand toward his hip. But his gun was in his saddlebags.

"Leonard!" the old woman shouted. "You come here!"

"What do you want?"

"You know what I want!" The old screech had come into Mother Meade's voice. She rose, in spite of her paining ankle, and hobbled forward, the two papers fluttering in her up-raised hand. "These ain't receipts! You couldn't fool me, no matter whose name you signed. That's your writin'! Where's the money I gave you to ship back home! Where is it?"

Calvert was running for his gun. Purcell gasped and swung his horse. A scream came from Connie, as the animal, plunging and leaping under the deep-spurred command of its rider, knocked the old woman far to one side, where she spun, crashed into a tree and sank slowly to the ground. Kneeling before his saddlebags, Calvert fired, to no effect. Leonard's movement had been too swift for him. Again he shot—but Purcell was in darkness now; horses were rearing, men shouting and running about.

"Catch up, Duke!" the equestrian shouted, and started forward, only to realize that Flatiron possessed the only saddled horse in camp. Workmen blocked his path, running aimlessly in their excitement. Connie called brokenly from beside the tree that Mother Meade was dead.

Then five swiftly fired shots sounded from the direction of Flatiron's shelter. Knocking men out of his way, dodging horses, skirting about shadowy wagons, the equestrian ran forward. Leonard was gone.

"Flatiron!" Calvert shouted. "Flatiron!"

There was no answer. Flatiron and Flatiron's horse were no longer there.

CHAPTER XVIII

IT WAS to a stricken camp that Bob Calvert returned at noon the next day after an all-night search. Gritty-eyed from lack of sleep, despondent from failure, he forgot his own feelings as he viewed the clump of circus wagons, the tired stock, the group of persons who ceased their every activity at his approach.

Hot sun had wiped out the snow of the previous day's storm. But this had failed to cheer those who had awaited him; the brilliancy was physical, not mental. They crowded forward expectantly at his approach.

"I couldn't trail either of them," the equestrian said tersely. Then he swung off his horse and ran to Connie, just coming from the treasury wagon. Silently she came to him, as silently he took her in his arms.

"I feel so responsible, Bob," she said at last.

"Responsible? You?"

"Oh, I could tell from the way he acted all day yesterday that something would happen. I just knew he wasn't sick."

"Look here, Connie," the man protested. "You can't call that responsibility." He hesitated a long time: "Maybe Mother Meade's better off, Connie. Nothing could have helped her."

"I know that. I'm not grieving—" the girl looked up honestly at him—"I've nothing personal to make me grieve. Except that she was human. You didn't get a trace of either of them?"

"No. This morning at dawn, while the snow was still on the ground, I found where someone had fallen from his horse, and wallowed about. There was blood on the snow."

"Then they must have been firing at each other. That's strange."

"I can't understand it, Connie. One of them may have been hurt accidentally. That firing might have been merely to hold us off. Oh, I

don't know! I went all the way to the top of the pass and down the other side. I found hoof-marks all the way in the snow. Then the sun came up and spoiled the trail."

Silence followed. Events had somewhat overwhelmed them. "Grandma" Sours had left at dawn for Georgetown to notify the Sheriff there and to bring the coroner. At last the girl went inside the treasury wagon and got the two receipts which had caused her foster-mother's death.

"Anybody could see that those signatures were his writing," she said, spreading the elongated Wells-Fargo receipts on her knees. Calvert looked at the papers; money receipts, for shipments made to Mullins and Hart from Idaho Springs and Georgetown. He then told Connie of the letter he had found in Mother Meade's purse.

"It was easy enough for him to steal a few blanks at the express office," said the rider. "But he must have known the risk he was running."

"He got drunk." The girl's lips curled. "And he was the one who never drank."

They halted then, silent for a time. Both knew that the only source of information at this moment lay in the treasury wagon. After a time, they entered.

The cot was down, and a blanket-covered figure on it; Mother Meade would scream and rant no more. Neither mentioned her presence.

They found packets of papers—most of them worthless. There were inconsequential letters. At last, Connie gave a little ejaculation.

"Here's a letter Leonard wrote Mother from North Platte." The girl read: "This is a great scheme of Calvert's. But you must remember the railroad rates are terribly high. So do not spend a cent more than necessary, and keep all your money right in the wagon where you can guard it. I'd stop paying salaries if I were you, until the show reaches Denver."

"Storing up for the robbery," Calvert mused. "That was to have been the final blow."

They went on with their search, finally to find packets of tattered correspondence from the Mullins and Hart shows. There were acknowledgements of pitiful amounts of money, letters of kindly optimism. At last they found a copy of the agreement which Joshua Meade had signed, giving his interest in the Mullins and Hart Circus as security for a loan of \$35,000, plus interest.

"There's the secret; that interest," said Calvert. "The way the notes were made out, the minute she cut down the principal, she retrieved a part of her equity."

Connie's eyes widened.

"Then whoever wanted to break her, had to do it before she really could start paying off the loan."

Again they began their investigations. Nothing was yielded except a worn, leather covered memorandum book.

There were hundreds of notations in it, many rambling; some sane. There were little notes which brought tears to Connie's eyes—an indication that the old woman held her distantly no longer; that something approaching love had been kindled. Then there was a remark about Leonard!

"Funny about Leonard. He isn't the same. Bob's the right kind of a boy. Dick would have been like him."

There were notations at Denver, at Idaho Springs and at Georgetown, of money entrusted to Leonard for shipment to Mullins and Hart. Evidently he had sent the one from Denver. The history of the other two shipments were yet to be told.

There was nothing more, except a scrawled thing, evidently written the day before:

"That would be better. Bob ought to have her. I want them to have everything. Let them give Leonard a job—lazy!"

The girl looked up at the man beside her. She tried to smile.

"It looks like she wanted to will me to you," came queerly.

Instinctively they both glanced toward the blanket-covered form. Then their hands touched, clingly. That was all. Even in death, Old Mother Meade exerted her weird influence. At last they went out and locked the door.

A workman stood on a far-away rock, pointing downward; others were hurrying to join him. The coroner, in a light wagon, was ascending the pass.

At midnight, a small group of witnesses sat in the dimly lighted courtroom at Georgetown. A jury had been assembled. Calvert and Connie had told their stories. Showpeople had corroborated them. Then a deputy district attorney called the station agent. No money had been shipped, he said, and Idaho Springs had reported the same by wire. But a pad of express receipts was missing from the counter of the Georgetown office. The express agent stepped down. The name of Hubert Miles was called.

No one of the circus knew him, but evidently he was an acquaintance of everyone in the courtroom. He ascended pompously to the witness chair.

"Now, just what is your business, Hubert?" the deputy asked.

"Well, I guess to put it flat, I run a gambling hall."

"Do you know anything about a young fellow such as these folks have described?"

"Yep. 'Course he didn't give his name. He roamed in late, night before last, stood around a minute and asked me if there was any place private where a fellow could risk a few dollars. Acted to me like he'd got hold of money sudden and wanted to turn it into a lot more. I can tell 'em."

Calvert rubbed his eyes and leaned toward Connie.

"Trying to make a big stake—and then disappear!" The girl nodded. The gambler went on.

"We went in a room where I had a roulette wheel. He didn't seem to like that. Kept asking me if there wasn't a stud poker game going on private. There was, but I didn't tell him so. Didn't like the looks of his hands. Had little callouses on the side of his first finger like a fellow who practises hours dealin' cards."

"I remember that!" Connie whispered. "I asked him about that one day—what caused it. He just laughed."

The gambler went on.

"So I kept him at roulette. He lost right from the start. He got awful nervous about it. Finally he said he'd like some whisky, although he was afraid to take it. Only been drinking a couple of years, he said, and he couldn't handle it. One drink and he had to have a lot more."

"Did he lose all his money?"

"Along towards morning, he did. It wasn't my fault. I run a straight place. I don't think that fellow was up on clean gambling. I can tell 'em, a mile off. Finally he went away just about broke.

Bought two pints of liquor at the bar and stuffed 'em in his hip pocket. He was an awful desperate-looking man when he went out."

There were no more witnesses; the jury found that Leonard Purcell had killed Mother Meade, leaving it to others to decide the degree of the crime.

Thirty-six hours later, a worn assemblage started again up the long course of Loveland Pass. The funeral was over; Mother Meade rested at last. There had been court proceedings, affidavits, testimony, the evidence of the note book to show Mother Meade's intentions in the absence of a will. Connie Meade was the administratrix of the puny estate and its heir—*for what that was worth.*

"What shall we do, Bob?" the girl asked, as they stopped to rest their horses on a steep ascent. It was night now. The other showmembers were nearly to camp. Calvert jingled a few coins in his pocket. His money belt was empty. Everything had gone for funeral and legal expenses. Suddenly he rode close beside her, a hand outstretched to her shoulder. She caught it, drew it to her mouth and kissed it.

"Would you want to go back East, Connie? And forget everything? We could get a job easily enough."

"I know. Just think—lights, cities, happiness and peace of mind. But—"

Far ahead, a faint glow shone against the buttresses of sheer mountains.

"But what?"

"I was just wondering."

"I know, Connie."

Silence followed. Each was thinking of the same thing—a big show, lack of worries, applause roaring. Surcease. Happiness.

They ascended the last pitch of the trail. Shadowy figures ran toward them from the campfire, workmen, the Stratton children, a lame teamster.

Beyond them, faithful horses lifted their heads and whinnied. Faintly revealed in the light of her campfire, with a workman as her temporary keeper, Old Bess swung her trunk

and gave a queer, chirruping sound, as of pathetic inquiry.

It was as though this little entity which had fought so hard, was begging—for life, existence. Connie glanced at Bob Calvert. She raised her head.

"Is it all right with you?" she queried.

A thrill shot through Bob Calvert. He raised in his saddle.

"Up early, and be hitched by dawn!" he called. "We're going over the hill!"

CHAPTER IX

A TROUPE which strove heroically to hide its desperation, began the journey with the break of the next morning. Each was smiling for the other; it was a fight for existence now. Only Queen Bess mourned and chirruped to herself as the start was made up the last series of long hills which led to the rocky apex of the pass. Yet, underneath all the enforced appearance of hope and optimism there was a sinister watchfulness. No one spoke of it; each simply had obeyed the quiet announcement by Bob Calvert:

"Everyone who has a weapon of any kind—carry it!"

So now, Meade's Great Western Circus was on its way again, with waits and stops and long stretches of terrific exertion, made all the more extreme by the effects of altitude. A fierce morning passed; the little show, all the tinier now under the shadow of giant peaks, moved along the rocky ledges and outcroppings of the top of the world, and at last began the descent toward the miniature town of Frisco.

But the labor continued; wagons now must be hindered by logs tied behind to afford an additional drag to that of the brakes, or Queen Bess used as a bulwark against the terrific pull of gravitation. Outriders moved cautiously as they approached timbered country again; the train drew closer together.

The day deepened, with creaking of wood and rumble of axles, the grunts of horses and the scraping pound of hoofs. Calvert, who had been riding ahead, now dropped back to the side of Connie, at the rear of the train.

"Your saddle girth's loose," he announced. They dismounted at a sun-splattered little opening beside the road to tighten it.

The quaking aspens had begun to turn now, resultant from the crispness of frigid nights. Here and there a red branchlet stood out like flame against the sheer golden of fluttering leaves; the country beneath them was a mass of green punctuated by yellows and carmine, brilliant death contrasting with sturdy life, a last splurge of color before leaves should fall, leaving the mountains only to the dark, unobtrusive shield of enduring evergreen. Winter was on the way. It made more poignant than ever the desperation of the line of faded red wagons and scrawny horses which made its slow way down the writhing trail below.

"Connie," said the man abruptly, "are you sorry we're going on?"

There was a strange brilliance to her dark eyes.

"No, Bob, I'm not sorry."

He laughed and extended his arms.

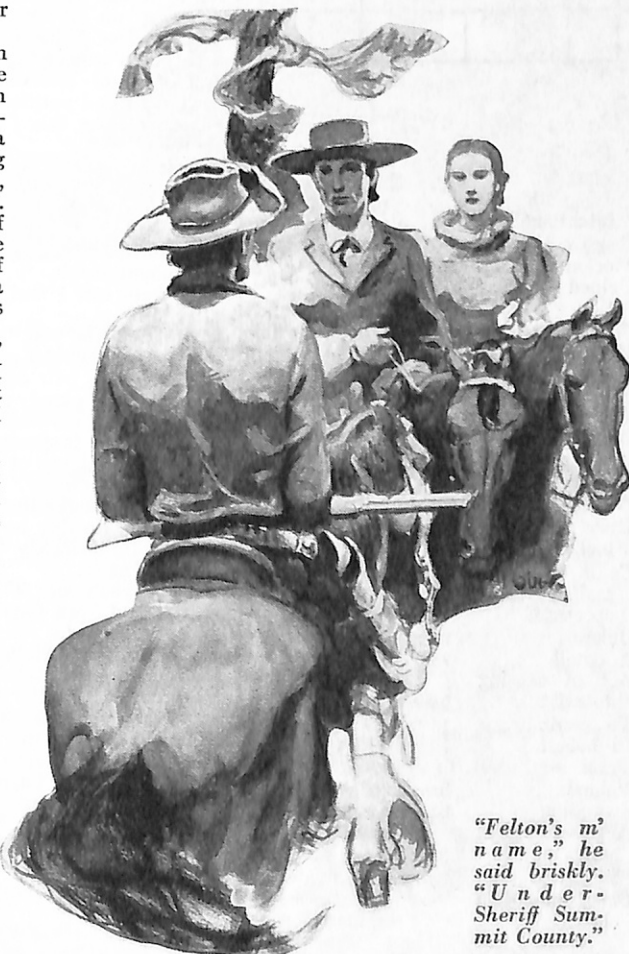
"Come here," he begged.

Quickly she moved into his embrace; he held her tight, his arms straining her closer, closer. Her lips were upraised to him; he kissed her hungrily, again and again; he only ceased that his lips might touch her eyes, her smooth forehead, the soft curve of her neck, the beauty of her wind-blown hair.

"I've loved you forever!" came softly—"for ever and ever."

"And I've loved you," Connie answered. She looked up at him. "I picked you out of everybody to watch, the first time I ever saw you. I hoped I'd see you again. And when you rode up that day at Fremont, I knew then that I'd never marry Leonard, that I didn't want him, that I'd never want him."

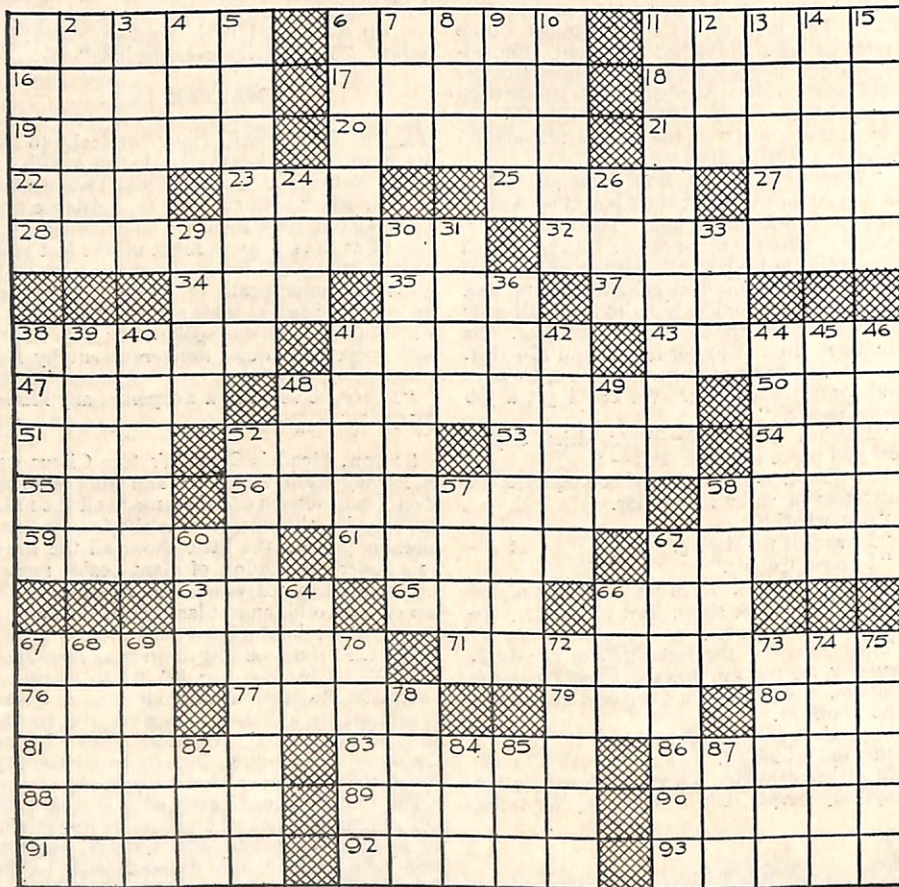
Like starved persons they fed upon each
(Continued on page 36)



"Felton's m
name," he
said briskly.
"Under-
Sheriff Sum-
mit County."

Cross-Word Puzzle

By Richard Hoadley Tingley



Across

- 1—Relish of fruits or vegetables
6—Plays boisterously
11—Form by correct orthography
16—Biographical and eulogistic memoir
17—Conceptional
18—Weird
19—More judicious
20—Signification
21—A small wood
22—Obtain with difficulty
23—Wrath
25—Prophet
27—A weight of India
28—Domicile
32—Likes better
34—Spread loosely for drying
35—Knock
37—Self
38—One that competes in speed
41—Round flat cap
43—Furnished with weapons
47—An astringent mineral salt
48—Do
50—According to
51—Point
52—Chair

- 53—Genuine
54—Upright shaft in Buddhist buildings in India
55—The wife of Adam
56—Contrite
58—Companion
59—Triangular deposit at river's mouth
61—Portals
62—Sinks in mud
63—Devoured
65—Born
66—Wickedness
67—Rattling noise
71—Projecting molding over a doorway
76—Butt
77—Epochs
79—An Algonquin Indian
80—Sped
81—Higher in place
83—Entire
86—Chilly
88—Affray
89—Cut off final syllable
90—To quit
91—Mix
92—Grants temporary use
93—Covered the inner surface

Down

- 1—A conduit
2—Similar
3—Parts with unintentionally
4—Grow old
5—Mocker
6—Gained elevation
7—Poem
8—Human beings
9—Go by
10—Repose
11—To set apart
12—By
13—Irregular as if eaten away
14—Dweller
15—Casts malignant looks
24—Color at lower end of visible spectrum
26—Before
29—A detail
30—Act of causing to exist
31—To merit
33—In behalf
36—Teaser
38—Valued
39—Swarming
40—A vessel used in assaying
41—Stigmatize
42—Small mountain lakes

- 44—Pertaining to the cheek
45—Puff up
46—The fruit of a palm (plural)
48—A short piece of connecting pipe
49—Sever
52—Sprinkled around
57—Having pedal digits
58—An aromatic spice
60—Make a knotted lace
62—Misname
64—Always, poetic
66—A mineral spring
67—A small bit
68—Part of a coat
69—Fully sufficient
70—A badgerlike animal
72—Small islands
73—A wind instrument
74—Artless
75—Closed
78—Bottom of the foot
82—Even, poetic
84—A metallic element
85—Sum up
87—An ornamental wreath of Hawaiian flowers

(Continued from page 35)

other; he stroked her hair, and put his fingers to her lips; she kissed them. After a long time, they turned, and silently watched the little show as it made its way down the mountain-side.

The girl's mood changed.

"So tiny. So helpless," she said at last.

Calvert chewed his lips.

"If we could only get a start—anything to carry it through the winter."

They made no mention of the third interest in the big show of Mullins and Hart. The equity there was only a part of a commercial enterprise. This little show had become human, deserving of happiness after great misfortunes.

A faint shout came from far below. Quickly the pair ceased their detachment and moved for their horses. Again they heard the call moving from wagon to wagon, as the teamsters relayed it. Faintly they distinguished the one word:

"Calvert!"

"SOMETHING'S happened!" the girl exclaimed. Hurriedly Calvert swung her to her side-saddle and leaped to Duke's back. Stones clattering from beneath the horses' hoofs, they rode down the big hill. At last, some hundred yards behind the last wagon, they tightened their reins. A rangy dark-skinned man, slouched under a wide-brimmed hat, was riding toward them. He wore two guns.

"Felton's m' name, he said brusquely. "Undersheriff Summit County. Got a wire about you folks. Suppose you give me some descriptions."

Calvert described Leonard, then Flatiron.

"That's him," the undersheriff announced.

"Face like a flapjack."

"Then you've got him?" Connie cried.

"Nope—just know he's been through Frisco. Rolled into a doctor's office there last night. Had a bad bullet hole in his right arm; said he'd been cleaning his gun and it went off. Well, it can happen. Said he was a miner working up at Montezuma. Mighty bad wound, Doc Willets said. Then this fellow went to a grocery and bought a gunnysack full of grub. Somebody figured that didn't look right and notified the Sheriff at Breckenridge. 'Course this Flapjack fellow was gone by then."

"He knows this country," said Connie.

"So do we," answered Undersheriff Felton. Then he said abruptly: "Mighty glad to have seen you folks." He pressed a rein against his cayuse's neck, turned swiftly and trotted down the mountainside.

"Where can I find you?" Calvert shouted after him.

"I'll be seein' you," shouted the undersheriff over a lean shoulder and was gone.

Hastily the pair caught up with the show, now strangely moody and silent. Grimness had returned. Armed men watched the surrounding country ceaselessly, as dusk came. But the friendly lights of Frisco twinkled only a short distance away. Soon they were camped at the edge of the little mining town, with its few stores, its tiny hotel and a few dozen log cabins. Immediately Calvert started forth in search of news.

There was none. The doctor could only say that it had been foolish for this man to disappear unless he sought escape desperately. That arm was terribly torn; it might not heal. How had the man acted? Like anyone else who had been shot in the arm and wanted aid.

Calvert left the office disturbed in mind. Where was Leonard? Were they together? Had the shooting been of design or accidental? At last he glanced anxiously upward. A film was beginning to form over skies which had been clear.

He reached camp. A woman was chattering in disturbed tones at Connie's wagon. It was Ettabelle. Ortie Whippe had not been here to meet the show. True, he had distributed dodgers, and thereby spread the news of the

(Continued on page 38)

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PRICE..I'M BUYING
A REAL CAR!"**



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AND YOU'LL BUY A ROCKNE**

Six-cylinder, 70 horsepower engine floated in live rubber... free wheeling, synchronized shift, silent second... automatic switch-key starting... double-drop, rigid "X" frame... one-piece all steel bodies of full aerodynamic design... electro-plated pistons... silent threaded spring shackles... hydraulic shock absorbers... contoured upholstery with special coil springs... smaller wheels, lower over-all height.

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IM not talking Rockne just because I've bought a Rockne.

I've sold automobiles... and I think I know automobiles. And I bought a Rockne because it has the specifications of a higher priced car... and because it's built like a higher priced car.

I know there are lots of more strenuously advertised cars that sell for a little less. But I'll wager you that my Rockne will cost me less to drive and to own... and that it will be worth more money a year from now on a trade-in... than any of them.

You see, Rockne's big advantage is that Studebaker stands behind it. And Studebaker has seen to it that

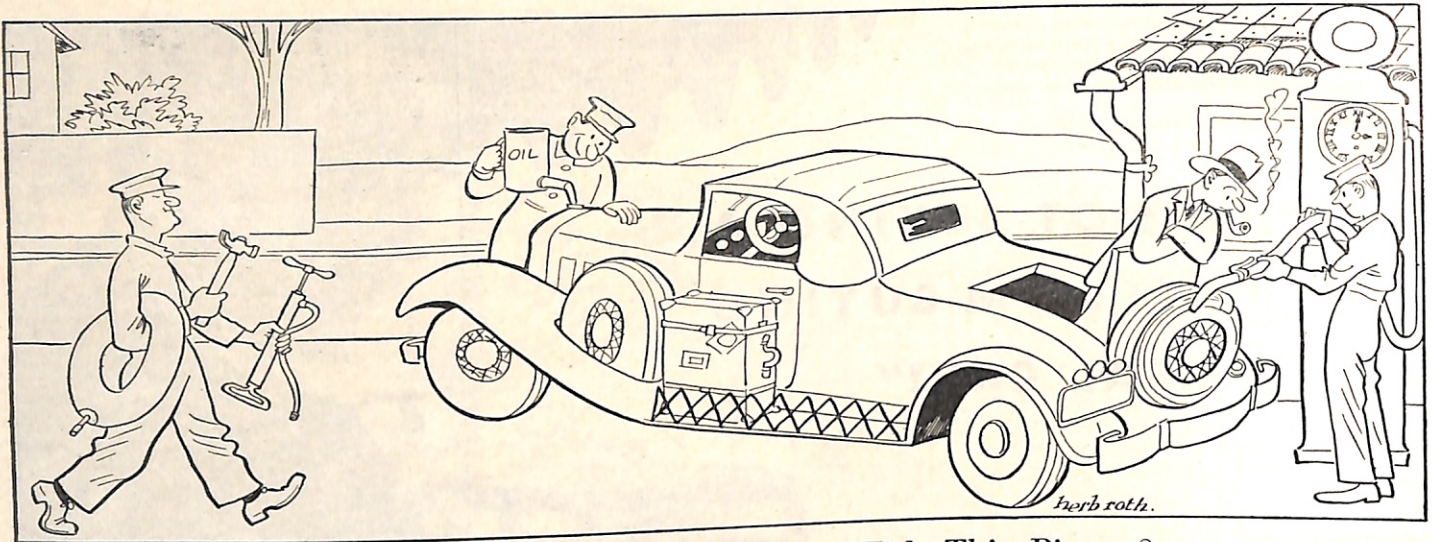
Rockne rides like an expensive car, not only on the straight-away but on the turns.

Rockne is balanced beautifully. Its engine, its transmission, its clutch, its brakes, its springs—all have the feel of quality the instant you try them.

You don't find upholstery like Rockne's in other low-priced cars. And by actual tape-line measurement I've proved that the Rockne sedan has the longest, widest, *roomiest* body in its price class.

But words don't mean anything. You get in a Rockne and drive it. That's the only way to find out. I'm warning you, you'll be as rabid a Rockne fan as I am once you've tried Rockne. You'll agree with me that Rockne is worth a lot more than any car within \$200 of its price.

ROCKNE SIX
Built by **STUDEBAKER**



What Twelve Things Are Wrong With This Picture?

(Answers will be found on page 41)

(Continued from page 36)

coming of Meade's Great Western Circus. But this done, he had hurried away. Calvert walked on, his brows knitted. Something strange had come over Ortie Whipple. He had left no word behind—he had simply moved on like a crazed person, barely hesitating in his flight.

Again Calvert glanced upward. The film was thicker now. Shortly after three o'clock, he awoke to the faint steady tapping of a drizzly rain.

Morning brought rawness, and no cessation in the rain. There were few people in the tent that afternoon, fewer that night. The drizzle still continued; high on Argentine and Loveland passes it was snowing again, and the temperature here had dropped accordingly. The few dollars they gained was little more than needed to buy necessary food.

Another dawn came, while men struggled to load the wet canvas. The show started on its

weary way toward the tiny town of Wheeler. Only a scattering of people huddled on the seats. Then it moved on toward the cluster of settlements known as Ten Mile, Robinson and Kokomo.

Slowly the clouds cleared; Calvert watched them with mounting interest. A second storm like this usually meant a month or so of fair weather. And a good attendance to-day would mean the cash necessary to repairs for carrying the show over Ten Mile Pass and into Leadville—now the equipment could barely creak along on a smooth road.

Everything needed repair. Harness was held together by pieces of rope or wire. Spokes were loose on wagon wheels. Horses needed re-shoeing. Hopefully, Calvert led the way through Ten Mile toward Robinson. Either no one was here, or no one cared. The town seemed deserted.

Onward they went to Robinson. Here again, hitch racks were deserted. Placer workings

along the river stood idle. At last an old man hobbled down, when the show pulled in at the first level spot of ground. Calvert rode to him.

"What's happened here?" he asked. "An epidemic?"

"Nope. Everybody's just lit out, that's all."

"Lit out? Where?"

The old man pointed, squinting his eyes against the sun.

"See that mountain?" he asked. "About six mile off? That's Tombstone Peak."

"You mean—Tombstone Peak?" asked Calvert blankly.

"Yeh. They's a fair road to it. Turn off about a quarter mile up. Everybody's over there. They's a big strike been made. Biggest strike in history, I reckon."

Calvert felt a strange, trembling sensation shoot over him.

"Who made it?" he queried.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

The Man Who Hated Gold

(Continued from page 19)

that in his soul which drove him on. Crossing the Rockies, he worked among the Assiniboines and wintered at Edmonton. Down the Athabasca with the coming of spring, he shot the rapids and whirlpools of the Columbia, twice missing death by a hair's breadth, and carried the Word to the Nez Percés, who came to love him no less than the other tribes.

Now remained only the Blackfeet, fiercest and most dreaded of all the Rocky Mountain Indians. Lewis and Clark had found them implacable, and even the wild fur hunters, after many pitched battles, quit the Blackfeet country for easier hunting. It was not only the case, however, that Father De Smet yearned for the conversion of these bloody warriors; the Blackfeet habit of raiding the missions made it imperative that they be won to ways of peace.

It was on this wildest and most perilous of all his marches that the great Black Robe was called upon to make a decision that shook him to the roots of his being. Stopping at noon to drink from a mountain stream, he saw down through the clear water to a yellow glitter in the sand at the bottom and his mineralogical knowledge told him that it was gold. For a moment he knew a singing of the heart. Here at hand, his for the taking, was wealth that would permit him to put foundations under his dream, money for every Indian need.

Then, as though a vast shadow blotted out the sun, he remembered the Osages and Pottawattomies, and he saw again their drunken-

ness and degradation, and watched them as they screamed and fought like beasts. One word of his find, and he knew that the mountains would fill with a greedy horde drawn from every quarter of the world—blackguards, gamblers, thieves and assassins—debauching the Indians and destroying his work of years. Dropping the nuggets back into the stream, he wiped his hands as though they had been soiled, and ran as from an imminent peril.

Descending the steep slope of the Rockies, and following the valley of the Yellowstone, Father De Smet veered north, and came at last to the villages of the Blackfeet on the banks of the Judith. All had heard of the Black Robe, but while they offered him no violence, the elders listened to him with sullen disdain, and laughed at the idea of a God who did not rejoice in blood and war. For weeks he sat among them, eating their vile broths, sharing their filthy beds, and slowly but surely his simple sincerity, his amazing charm, won them to some measure of belief. Before he left, the Blackfeet had agreed to a peace treaty, and were also willing to accept a missionary.

With a score of flocks to shepherd, and the ever growing need for tools, seeds and agricultural implements, Father De Smet was again forced to return to civilization, and there was another of his weary journeys down the Missouri, sleeping at night on sandbars, with frozen yams his only food. There was now, however, no danger, for every tribe from the

Canadian border to St. Louis knew and loved him.

The scholars of Europe gave him a welcome no less enthusiastic than the common people, for by now Father De Smet's books had begun to appear, giving the world its first exact information of the West, not only from the standpoint of the geographer, but also from that of a botanist, a geologist and a naturalist. Again he was offered a bishopric, and for a second time he begged off from the honor, imploring his superiors not to take him away from the work that was his life.

The years that followed were the easiest he had ever known, for he directed the work of the Oregon missions from St. Louis, with only an occasional journey to heal some tribal feud. The discovery of gold in California, however, precipitated the very conditions that he had foreseen the day he shut his eyes to the golden sands of the mountain stream. The scum of the world, as well as its adventurous spirits, filled the West, and sad tales of debauchery and despoilation began to pour in from the country of the Flatheads, the Coeur d'Alenes, the Kootenais and the Chaudieres.

The Coeur d'Alenes, rising in fierce anger, tried to drive out the whites, and when a company of cavalry was sent in, attacked the soldiers and beat them back. General Harney, as compassionate as brave, was sent to quell the uprising, and he asked Father De Smet to accompany him as a peacemaker. The com-

mand reached the mouth of the Columbia just as winter was setting in, but when Harney felt it unwise to face the mountain ranges, the Black Robe set off alone. There was not a trail he did not know, and cold and hunger were his familiars.

Every tribe wept with joy at his coming, confident that all would now be well. "Black Robe," they cried, "we wish to be good and do the will of the Great Spirit. But see how hard it is, how difficult. The whites flood our country. They bring whisky and say we are not forbidden to drink it. And they take our furs and our land, and they ruin our women."

His heart bleeding as from a wound, Father De Smet went from village to village, and in the end took nine chiefs with him back to the Columbia where Harney waited. A treaty of peace was signed, but the far-seeing Jesuit realized that it was only a lull in the storm, and urged a lasting settlement. What he suggested was the establishment of an Indian reserve, shut in by the Rockies, the Bitter Root range and the Kootenai River, where all the tribes could be gathered, and shut off from contact with the white man. General Harney indorsed the idea, but the politicians at Washington would have none of it, and Father De Smet returned to St. Louis with the sad conviction that the day of deluge was not far off.

In 1861, the second year of the Civil War, wandering prospectors came upon gold in Idaho and Montana, and there was a second "rush" only a little less mad than that of '49. Hurrying to the Oregon country, Father De Smet fought might and main for the preservation of his beloved missions, but one by one they disappeared until only those of the Coeur d'Alenes and Kalispels were left.

Over mountain and plain he raced, sick with a mortal sickness, and everywhere he found deserted fields, empty cabins and altars gone to rack and ruin. No longer did his Indians answer to the names of Paul and Peter and Ignatius, and at sight of the Black Robe they buried their faces in their blankets, and turned away in shame and sadness. On his knees he begged them to return to their homes and their priests, but they shook their heads.

"Go preach the Great Spirit to your white men," they told him. "They do not seem to know Him."

Returning to St. Louis, after a journey that had covered fifteen thousand miles, he learned that the Sioux had risen in Minnesota, killing and burning. Hurrying up the Missouri, he went among the Grosventres, the Aricaras and the Mandans, and persuaded them to take off their war paint, and was starting to plead with Little Crow, leader of the Sioux, when they called him back. General Sully, fancying himself as a man of iron, spurned all suggestion of

(Continued on page 40)

Solution to Cross-Word Puzzle

(See page 36)

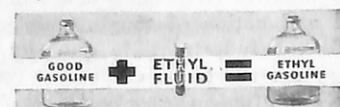
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E	L	O	G	E	I	D	E	A	L	E	E	R	I	E
W	I	S	E	R	S	E	N	S	E	G	R	O	V	E
E	K	E	I	R	E	S	E	E	R	S	E	R		
R	E	S	I	D	E	N	C	E	P	R	E	F	E	R
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R	A	C	E	R	B	E	R	E	T	A	R	M	E	D
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C	L	A	T	T	E	R	D	R	I	P	S	T	O	N
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U	P	P	E	R	T	O	T	A	L	A	L	G	I	D
M	E	L	E	E	E	L	I	D	E	L	E	A	V	E
B	L	E	N	D	L	E	N	D	S	L	I	N	E	D



"WHEN you're running about thirty miles an hour these pistons are flying up and down a couple of thousand times a minute. Think about how fast that is and then you see that if they get smacked on the nose every time, sooner or later you run into trouble.

"Most people don't realize just how much damage knocking gasoline can do to a car. That's why I told you last time you were in that you better use Ethyl Gasoline. Remember?

"It's your money—but after we get this job fixed, take my advice and use Ethyl. It's cheaper in the long run, and what's more, you'd be surprised to see how much more life it gives to an older car." *The next best thing to a brand-new car is Ethyl in the tank of your present car.* Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.



Ethyl fluid contains lead. © E. G. C. 1933



NEXT TIME STOP
AT THE **ETHYL** PUMP

"I hit the ball
with all I've got



HOW exasperating! There you stand on the tee—put all your energy into your swing—and the ball floats lazily through the air in a manner that seems to mock your efforts!

If that ball would only get up and travel! But it won't. And it never will as long as your clubhead comes through "late". You simply must get that clubhead through if you ever expect to get distance.

And that's why MACGREGOR believes in fashioning clubs that give you a definite "feel" of the clubhead—on your backswing—at the beginning of your down stroke—and all the way through.

The 1933 MACGREGOR with their specially tempered shafts, newly designed heads and patented Neutralizer combine the sweet feel and action of tough, springy hickory with the indestructible qualities of steel. They are the finest clubs that MACGREGOR player-craftsmen know how to produce. And now you can have genuine MACGREGORs for as little as \$2.25 each. The Crawford, McGregor and Canby Company, Dayton, O.



The MACGREGOR Neutralizer is a section of tough, springy hickory inserted where the steel shaft joins the head. It takes out sting and vibration.

MACGREGOR
THE GREATEST NAME IN GOLF

(Continued from page 39)

peace, declaring that the "only good Indian was a dead one."

Unfortunately, however, it did not prove the simple task that General Sully hoped. Cheyenne and Arapahoe joined with Sioux, and by 1865 the cost of the Indian war had mounted to more than twenty millions, not counting the lives. The Chivington massacre, when a vainglorious fool shot down unarmed warriors, squaws and children, set other tribes to beating the war drum, and soon the whole vast stretch between the Missouri and the Rockies was ablaze.

Then, and only then, did General Sully become convinced that Father De Smet's way was the right way, and at his solicitation the Black Robe began a journey of pacification. For four long months he rode the burning prairies, and full fifteen thousand Indians listened to his beloved voice, but before he could reach the Sioux, a vast exhaustion dragged him down, and they took him back to St. Louis a man more dead than alive.

IN 1868, however, he lifted himself from his bed to answer the call of Harney, Sheridan and Sherman, and made that long and ghastly march to the villages where Sitting Bull, No Neck, Black Moon and Four Horns grudgingly agreed to negotiate a peace. The terms of the treaty were along the lines suggested by Father De Smet some fifteen years before, for the Sioux and their allies were granted a mighty stretch of territory to be their very own forever more.

He rejoiced along with the rest, acclaiming a peace of justice and an end to bloodshed, yet deep in his heart was an icy fear, for he knew, and had known for years, that there was gold in the Black Hills, the very heart of the Indian reservation. All he could hope, all he could pray, was that it might not be found, for the Black Robe knew the solemn treaty would be a scrap of paper, and that the plains would again be wet with the blood of red men and white.



"What's that, waiter? Yes, of course, fill them up again."

If beer is such an all-fired innocent drink, what's all the yawping been about? You answer that one while I go on with my work.

Beer, to begin with, is a food. In Germany many songs and local proverbs link the name with bread. *Bier und Brot*. It is more to many drinkers in that it may be considered a specific against many of the ills of body and mind. It is first a refresher and then a mild stimulant which wipes the cobwebs from dusty minds; it tones up the system, restores circulation, clears the eyes and brings the rose back to faded cheeks. A beer drinker is never a grouch; beer is a sterling specific against melancholia, pessimism and hypochondria. It is a digestive, a stimulant that does not intoxicate and leaves no bad after effects if taken in less than hogshead doses. Any man can drink consistently from three in the afternoon until midnight at the rate of a glass every half hour and feel no bad effects. After a period of such dieting, he will find himself a new man, capable of greater feats than he had believed possible, yet not in any way boastful after the manner of wine and whiskey drinkers.

A Stein on the Table

(Continued from page 8)

twice as strong as our beer: his porter and stout being even heavier mount in content until they compare with wines and give the Britisher a wider range of alcoholic selection than almost any other race.

His last word to the Sioux was that he would send them Black Robes to build them houses and teach them to plough and plant, and to keep this promise he needed men and money just as he had been needing them for forty years. His hearing was gone, his sight impaired, and rheumatism made every movement an agony, but cheerfully as always, he took boat to Europe to recruit missionaries and beg funds. Now as familiar and beloved a figure in France, Belgium and England as in the Rockies, his call was answered generously, and in 1870 he made his last trip up the Missouri, establishing missions, installing priests and laying out the plan of settlement.

It was a happy journey for the old Black Robe, with the land at peace and the government making a fairly honest effort to curb the whisky trade. As he went from tribe to tribe, chiefs knelt before him, and squaws lifted their babies for his blessing. The softest furs were piled for his couch at night, and the medicine men mixed their most secret salves to cure his rheumatism. Now and then he met an old-time Mountain man, who harked back to the days of Carson and Bridger, and there was good talk of the Green River rendezvous, that joyous gathering of gay, adventurous souls.

A year of drouth killed the crops, and when famine menaced the land, Father De Smet knew that only another begging journey to Europe could save his people. He reached Belgium in fair health, but a paralytic stroke laid him low, the giant frame falling like some mighty oak. They begged him to stay in the land of his birth, but while even a spark of life remained, he would not quit, and made them put him on a boat.

From St. Louis he sent word that he had made his last journey, that the broad stretch of the Missouri would see his canoe no more, and straightway chieftains of many tribes hurried down the river that they might see the Black Robe before he died. They came too late, but it was just as well, for death spared his gentle soul the agony of a new and bloodier war, Sitting Bull's last stand and the Custer massacre.

Beer does not fatten when taken alone. The appetite engendered by a glass of beer may be satisfied with a second glass. Eat less and drink more beer and you will attain the figure of Johnnie Weismuller. If you are a woman, you will also benefit by this regime; if you are a mother, you will be a better mother, shunning the snappishness that comes with overmuch tea and coffee drinking in your old age.

Professional travelers in France, Spain and Italy warn us that to enjoy truly the wines of the country we must always order the *vin du pays*, the wine of the locality, of the spot where we happen to be. In drinking beer in America it might be well to begin by trying local beer; it will, until proven otherwise, be the best obtainable. When we cut our beer-teeth, so to speak, it will be time for us to look about, experiment, seek better brews and then insist that they be served in our favorite beer garden. Beer suffers greatly from inexpert, ignorant or careless handling and our national brewers in the past have done much to eliminate this danger. They will send their bottled product anywhere to anyone with the cash to pay for it but their kegs and barrels, to be served on draught, are sent only to retailers who know and understand the handling of beers. When we find that our local brewer has failed us, and there are many ways in which he can cheat the unwary, we can settle his hash by transferring our patronage to a brewer of honor.

The true appreciation of beer must remain a matter for the individual to settle for himself. No one can tell you the kind of beer to consume; if you have intelligence enough to appreciate good beer, such information would be gratuitous. You will early determine your

favorite and be ready to defend your choice to the last gulp. Unlike all other potables, beer requires the exercise of all five senses. It must first be pleasing to the sight, clear and sparkling like crystal; it must sing to the ear and the smell must be fresh and one that will make you want to bury your nose in the foam and taste its rich and tangy flavor. It must have viscosity, be slightly sticky to the touch. If your brew is an excellent one, you will be unable to conduct any of these tests on the first beaker. You must face your first failure with equanimity; the beer probably needs no bush. And should you fail on the second, third or fourth glasses, do not despair; breweries making such a brew are in no danger of the receiver. In color beer should be the lightest of amber or, if a dark beer, a cordovan brown. The head or collar in either case should be rich, thick and substantial and just a tint off white. These tests are almost unnecessary; you either like a brew by its taste or you will have none of it.

AFTER you have discovered the brew that suits your palate, it is important to decide where you are to drink it. While there is much to be said for the workingman's right to take his beer on his feet, on the run or from a pail on the curb, we are concerned here with leisurely drinking, sometimes referred to as civilized drinking to annoy our friends the dries. Beer should, whenever possible, be taken in the open air and in the company of many people, with music and animated conversation. The beer garden should be large enough to provide areas devoted to family groups, ladies' beer parties, and the usual man to man discursive groups. Far off to one end should be the little brass band and near it a place for those who wish to sing. In such a garden a man determines his mood when he enters and seeks at once the proper atmosphere to suit it. If he has his family with him, he will try to get close to the music yet far enough away from the singers. The etiquette of the old family beer gardens of Germany need not prevail in these days. There a man took his family of, say five, and ordered but two steins: one for himself and one for the wife and children. If he was accompanied only by his wife, he was permitted to order two glasses for each of hers, if he could get away with it.

In any case, the first drink should be taken in silence and while orienting oneself. By the time the second drink arrives, the drinker will have located acquaintances, ordered another drink for the family and gone visiting, carrying his glass with him to indicate the nature of his promenade and to show that he is not cadging free beer. No matter how interested he becomes in his visiting, he will always return to his own family when reordering. Perhaps, in these first days, we will leave the family at
(Continued on page 42)

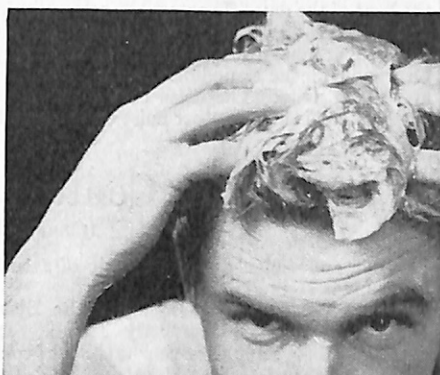
Answers to "What Twelve Things Are Wrong with This Picture?"

(See page 38)

1. The inner tube on the mechanic's arm has the valve placed wrong.
2. The hammer in the mechanic's hand has its head on upside down.
3. The pump in the mechanic's hand has its tube in the wrong place.
4. The second mechanic is putting oil in the radiator.
5. Cars with spare tires in well-fenders don't carry spares in back.
6. The car has no lamps.
7. The car has no license.
8. The wheels are all wire wheels except one.
9. The man in the rumble seat smokes a pipe near the gas hose.
10. The service station roof is part tile and part shingle.
11. The gutter on the cave is upside down.
12. The gasoline pump clock is telling time.

This new treatment STOPS DANDRUFF

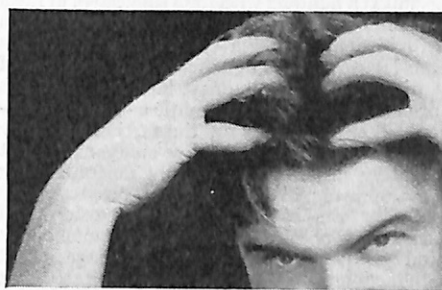
It's quick. It's pleasant



1 A FEW MINUTES EACH WEEK

with Packer's Tar Soap

Give your hair a sudsy shampoo with Packer's rich, piney lather. There's the "health of the pines" in Packer's Tar Soap. It contains genuine pine tar and soothing, softening glycerine—and for 64 years, ever since Daniel Packer made the first cake, doctors have been recommending it.

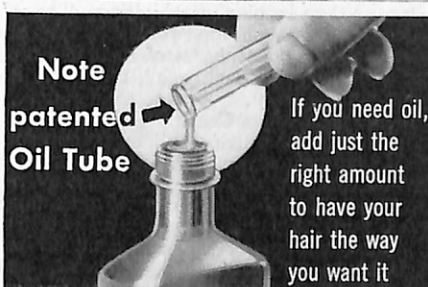


2 50 SECONDS EVERY DAY

with Packer's Scalptone

Massage the tingling goodness of Packer's Scalptone into the pores of your scalp. Rub your Scalptone mixture in deep—give dandruff the works! Feel it tone up your scalp—tone up the nerves—make your head healthy—and happy, too! Do this for only 50 seconds just once a day.

And expect to be surprised when you first see Scalptone! It's adjustable. In the neck of every bottle there's a separate tube of oil. You make your own prescription for your own hair and Scalptone is the only tonic that has this feature.



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Oil Tube

If you need oil,
add just the
right amount
to have your
hair the way
you want it



AFTER 21 DAYS

—have a look at your hair! It'll be healthy. And well-groomed. But not greasy, or plastered down. And as for dandruff—well, we'll make you a bargain! If you are not satisfied with the results—write us. Tell us. We'll cheerfully return your money. Start your Packer Treatment today—you'll see why we aren't going to lose!

PACKER'S DANDRUFF TREATMENT

1 Shampoo with **PACKER'S TAR SOAP**
once a week

2 Massage with **PACKER'S SCALPTONE**
every day



Speechless ...When A Few Words Would Have Made Me

**But Now I Can Face the Largest Audience
Without A Trace of Stage Fright!**

THE annual banquet of our Association—the biggest men in the industry present—and without warning the Chairman called on me to speak—and my mind went blank!

I half rose, bowed awkwardly and mumbled, "I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me to-day," and dropped back in my chair.

Speechless—when a few words would have made me! If I could have made a simple little speech—giving my opinion of trade conditions in a concise, witty, interesting way, I know I would have been made for life!

And then a week later like magic I discovered how to overcome my stage fright—and I was amazed to learn that I actually had a natural gift for public speaking. With the aid of a splendid new, home-study method I rapidly developed this gift until, in a ridiculously short time, I was able to face giant audiences—without a trace of stage fright. This remarkable training has made me a self-confident, aggressive talker—almost overnight.

* * *

There is no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing speaker—a brilliant, easy, fluent conversationalist. You, too, can conquer timidity, stage fright, self-consciousness and bashfulness, winning advancement in salary, popularity, social standing, and success. Now, through an amazing new home study training you can quickly shape yourself into an outstanding influential speaker able to dominate one man or five thousand.

Send for This Amazing FREE Booklet

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting booklet, *How to Work Wonders With Words*, now being sent to every one mailing the coupon below. In it you are told how this new easy method will enable you to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear. Thousands have sent for this booklet and are unstinting in their praise of it. You are told how you can bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you. You can obtain your copy absolutely FREE by sending the coupon.

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Name

Address

City

State

(Continued from page 41)

home; there will be so much to be said, notes to be compared and brews to be sampled.

If the music appeals, the drinker may just sit and listen; there will always be a waiter nearby to snatch his glass and refill it when empty. The music, unless the writer errs, will be that of Strauss, of Sousa and Victor Herbert, selections from *The Prince of Pilsen*, *In Old Heidelberg* and *The Chocolate Soldier*. These will sound better in a beer garden than ever over the air.

At night the activity of the garden should be stepped up. There should be many lights, strung like Chaminade grace notes through the trees. The tempo should be faster for the night will be cooler and the blood a bit sluggish after the heat of the day. There will be more people, more younger girls and boys to add to the gaiety and, in addition to the music, there may be vaudeville acts, peddlers selling novelties and much noise. The noise that comes from such a scene is like no other noise on earth and,

unlike all the others, is not an unpleasing one. Then, if a man is alone, he may visit each and every table, treat and be treated, come when he likes and go when he pleases. It is almost perfect freedom in the almost perfect state.

On cold nights the scene is almost the same, except that it is transferred indoors. Whereas the garden will be on the outskirts of town, the hall will be centrally located. Here the music must be better, softer, perhaps with a symphonic touch, and there should be many rooms for private parties, places where the barbershop singers can get Sweet Adeline, My Hero and In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree off their chests, bowling alleys below, dancing for those who like it, and everything.

This is no stall, fellows. Beer's back! The good old days have come again. "And waiter, what's keeping you? Two Kulmbachers and make it fast."

Yes, boys, beer's back.

Welcome, old timer, we've missed you.

A Century of Progress

(Continued from page 11)

beration and violence characteristic of actual lightning is secured.

The Agricultural Building, like the Electrical Group, is on Northerly Island. In planning this structure the architect considered appropriateness of setting, and the result is a building with lines suggestive of farm machinery. Sufficient space for exhibits is provided by the high corridor which extends the length of the building. The progress of agriculture during the past hundred years has been as romantic and dramatic as that of industry. The exhibits show the fascinating story of that progress. The live-stock and meat industry has a group display demonstrating developments in this story of progress, and showing the steps in the processing and marketing of meat. Leading manufacturers and distributors of foods, beverages, and products related to the food industry are following the new plan of exhibiting. That is, instead of merely showing products, they are dramatizing various phases of manufacturing and processing. Each exhibit tells an interesting, live story.

A group known as Century Dairy Exhibits, Inc., has erected a dairy building built to resemble an egg in shape. The displays showing the contribution of dairy products to the progress of mankind are arranged on a large stage, and make use of sculpture, painting, dioramas, and projection equipment to tell their story. Milk, ice-cream, cheese, and butter are displayed in such ways as to show the progress made in this industry through scientific application.

THE American Poultry Association secured a plot of ground south of the Travel and Transport Building and erected poultry houses, runs, and buildings in which they placed incubators and brooders. They are conducting a novel experiment which will prove of interest to everyone—an egg-laying contest extending through the duration of the Fair and participated in by some of the most highly bred birds in this country and abroad.

On the mainland, directly south of the Hall of Science, stands the General Exhibits Group made up of a series of pavilions separated by wide courts with landscaped pools. How is raw ore converted into steel? What new uses has steel in the modern world? How are diamonds made? The visitor to the Fair will find the answers to these and dozens of other questions in the General Exhibits pavilions. The United States Steel Corporation shows by means of specially designed lighting apparatus the interior of a steel plant. Hot molten metal appears to flow from open hearth furnaces. The steel plant is shown in complete operation; every step in the conversion of raw ore into

steel takes place. The diamond exhibit offers a new thrill to the visitor. He may go down into a Kimberley mine, see the diamond crystals recovered from blue-green ore, and, in another part of the exhibit, see the diamond cutters at work in the quaint old shops of Amsterdam.

The Studebaker Company provides a novel exhibit which consists of Studebaker, Pierce-Arrow, White, and Indiana trucks, and represents the most recent progress in commercial automotive equipment and transportation.

These are only three of the innumerable fascinating exhibits displayed. Others include such displays as those of office equipment and the furniture industry, the graphic arts, and cosmetics.

Other great industrial companies have constructed separate buildings for their exhibits. The Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, for example, has a special building where tires are manufactured from crude rubber at the astonishing rate of one every ten minutes. Each step of the process is carried out before the visitor's eyes. The General Motors Corporation shows a completely equipped plant where automobiles are assembled constantly. The visitor may leave his order for a car in the morning, watch each successive step in its assembly, and drive it out in the evening. The American Radiator and Standard Sanitary Company includes in its building designs of heating and plumbing fixtures harmonious with modern architecture. The Chrysler Company has its own building where the "floating power" engine is dramatized. Connected with this exhibit is a quarter-mile outdoor track where one may ride and test the different Chrysler models. The Sears, Roebuck Company has erected a building which contains a large central lobby, rest rooms for men and women, a restaurant, check rooms, public telephones, a general information desk, and large lounging spaces on the roofs of the wings—all for the use of the general public.

Modern housing problems occupy one's attention in the Home and Industrial Arts Group. The exhibit consists of eight houses and a series of pavilions. The houses have been built by different companies to illustrate the use of eight different building materials—steel, enamel steel, brick, and various new types of exterior material. These houses represent architectural departures from anything previously done in America; they are furnished and decorated completely, and are equipped with every modern device for safety, convenience, and comfort. The most remarkable thing about them is their moderate cost, in most instances below what the average American home owner has been accustomed to paying. Landscaping in each instance conforms to the architecture of the house.

The pavilions in this group display air conditioning devices, roofing materials, household equipment, and the decorative arts. The visitor will realize as he looks at these housing displays that the past century has witnessed improvements in housing facilities, home equipment, and home furnishings comparable to those in the fields of industry, transportation, and communication.

The Travel and Transport Building is perhaps the most striking, architecturally considered, of all the Fair buildings. The unique feature is the dome, suspended 125 feet above the ground by cables attached to twelve steel towers. In other words, the dome is constructed on the principle of a suspension bridge, and has been called the "dome that breathes" because it is made with joints that expand or contract as the temperature varies. There is possible in circumference a difference of more than six feet, and in height, of eighteen inches. Because of the peculiar construction of the dome, the interior is entirely unobstructed and is thus ideal for exhibit purposes. Modern means of transportation are placed side by side with prairie schooners, stage coaches, and the like. Upon the circular walls of the dome there is stretched a vast panorama depicting the story of transportation. In the halls of the Travel and Transport Building the railways and the steamship companies have their exhibits, illustrating the progress of transportation during the past hundred years. This progress is shown to the visitor by exhibits in motion. A miniature railroad displays three trains operating to demonstrate the handling of passenger service, the rapid transporting of refrigerator cars, and the efficiency of freight service. Lights flashing on and off on an animated globe enable the visitor to visualize the movement of commerce and travel over trade routes by sea and by land.

South of the building there is an outdoor exhibition space where several railroads have made up for inspection their "crack" trains. Among these is the renowned "Royal Scot" operated by the London Midland and Scottish Railway. It makes the run from London to Edinburgh—a distance of 400 miles—in eight hours, and is usually called the "world's most famous train." Another outdoor feature is the

pageant of a century of transportation, which includes a highway, railway, water, and air transportation.

No doubt many visitors will ask, "Where is the Virginia State Building?" "Where is the Idaho State Building?" They will discover that Illinois is the only State with a separate building, known as the Illinois Host Building. Other States are represented in the Hall of States which is built in a V-shape and opens on an enclosed court with a sunken garden and beautiful landscaping. At the open end of the great V-shaped Hall stands the Federal Building, with its three stately towers representing the three divisions of the United States Government—the executive, the legislative, and the judicial. Such a grouping typifies the close union between the individual States and the Federal Government. The Hall of States contains exhibit space of a size to accommodate the displays planned by each State participating in the Fair.

TURNING from modern to older civilization, the visitor is enchanted by an eighteenth century Chinese Temple. The Golden Pavilion of Jehol, an exact reproduction of the original Temple built in China in 1767, has been erected on the Fair Grounds through the generosity of Mr. Vincent Bendix, and is located directly opposite the Hall of Science. This Lama Temple was built in China by Chinese architects and was shipped to Chicago in 28,000 separate parts. It was reassembled under the supervision of an American architect by an American contracting firm, assisted by Chinese painters and a Chinese architect, who translated the markings on the 28,000 parts so that they might be put together correctly. The roof, covered with copper shingles overlaid with pure gold leaf, and the red lacquer columns supporting the lower deck of the Temple combine to create a startling and effective blaze of color. The gigantic incense-burner outside the Temple is five hundred years old, and its bronze has been corroded to a soft green during the centuries of its existence. The interior of the Temple contains paintings, altar pieces, bronze and wood Buddhas, other

(Continued on page 44)

Heirloom or not— give it the Air!

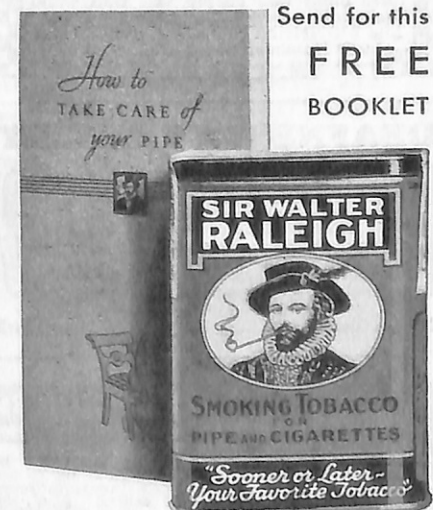


WHEN she told him to throw that reeking relic in the rubbish can, he was offended. Sensitive? Pooh! Not as sensitive as grandma's nose. Let's be brutally outspoken. Why should a man keep on smoking a pipe through sentiment, when it's full of sediment?

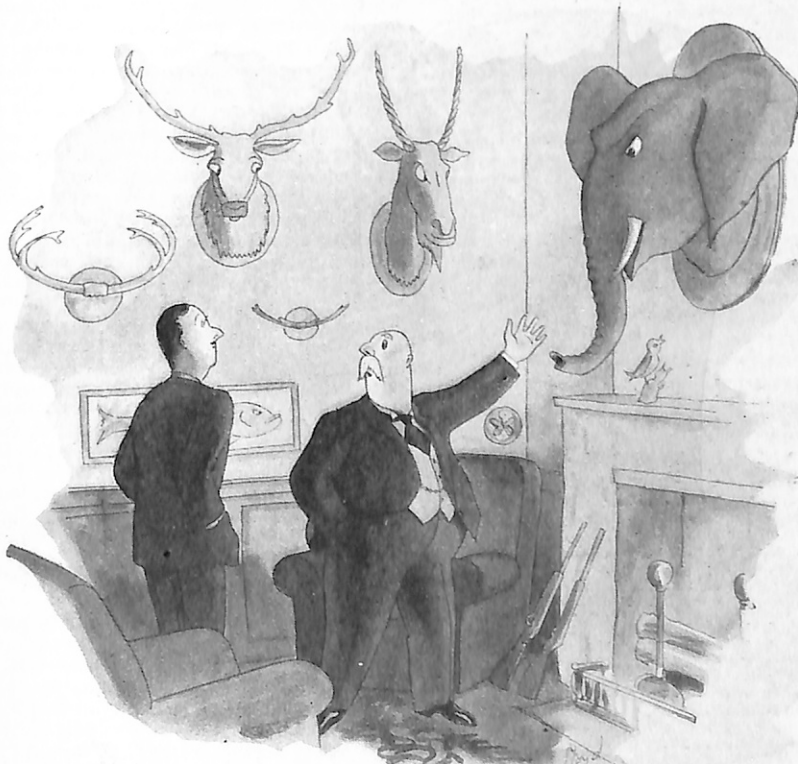
When you smoke mild tobacco in a well-kept pipe, *everybody's* happy, yourself included! We never heard anything but compliments about the smoke Sir Walter Raleigh's mild Burley mixture makes when it curls merrily from the bowl of a well-behaved briar. It is smooth and fragrant, yet full bodied, rich and satisfying; and it's kept fresh by gold foil. Its record of popularity alone makes it worth a trial next time you step into your tobacco store.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
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It's 15¢—AND IT'S Milder



"... and that elephant, sir, was only ten feet away when I shot him."
"Well, you could hardly have missed him, could you?"

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| () Asst. Manager | () Auditor |
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(Continued from page 43)

images, dancing masks, incense-burners, and a great bronze bell with a deeply resonant, mellow tone. This Temple is to remain in Chicago permanently, either on its present site, or in one of the city's numerous parks, and will prove of inestimable value to students of religious history, aside from its artistic and cultural value to people in general.

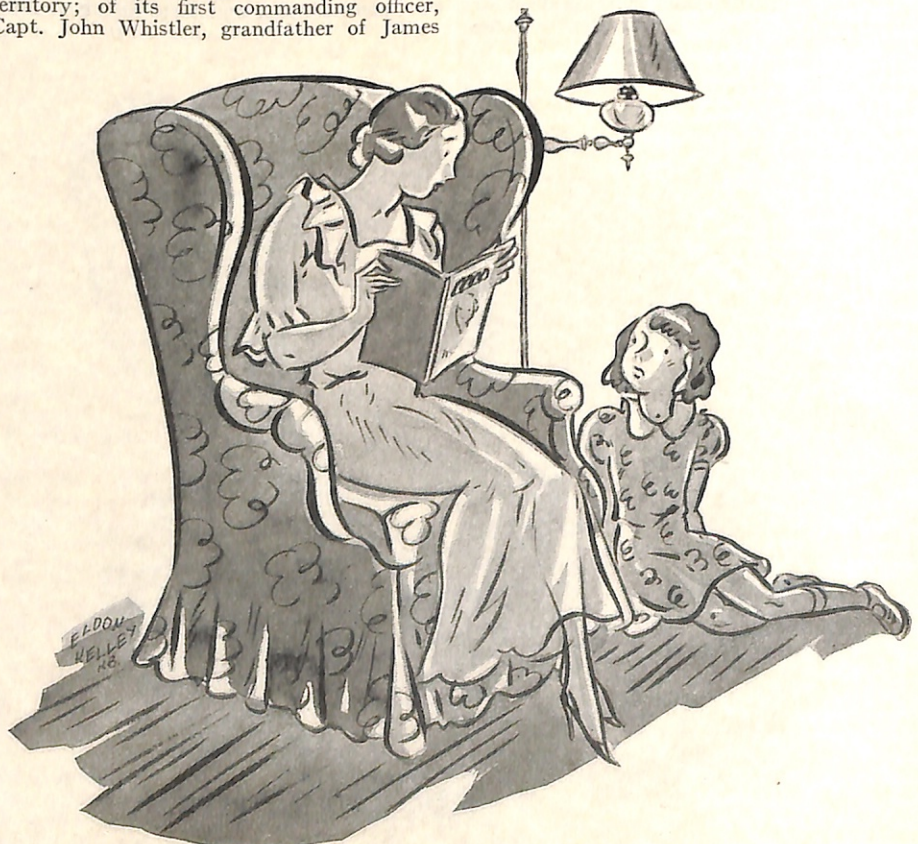
No one will have to depend upon his imagination to realize the wide gulf between the world of to-day—or even of the eighteenth century, as represented in the Lama Temple—and that of the past, for the past has been reconstructed for him in the Maya Temple and the adjacent Indian buildings. The anthropological exhibits tell the story of man's entire development. The Maya Temple is an exact replica of the "Nunnery" at Uxmal in Yucatan, one of the finest buildings of the ancient Mayan civilization, built over 1,000 years ago. The Mayan culture spread from South America to Central America and Mexico, where it was expressed by greater cities of stone, and by a high development in art, mathematics, and astronomy. This oldest civilization in America vanished about the middle of the sixteenth century when the invading Spaniards conquered the Mayans and destroyed their books, their written records, and their cities.

Adjacent to the Maya Temple some of the typical Indian cultures of North America are represented. Certain Indian groups occupy their wigwams of bark and skin; the Pueblo dwellers live in massive houses; the Navajo lives in his covered hogan; the North Coast Indians dwell in villages, with painted carvings and weird totem-poles. Each group of Indians is actually conducting its own dances and ceremonies, and the contrasts in methods of living provided by the various tribes are worthy of note.

Leaving the Indian cultures, the visitor will find himself intensely interested in the examples of American life represented by Old Fort Dearborn and the Lincoln Group. Everyone knows the story of Fort Dearborn—of its erection in 1803 and 1804 (it took eight months to build) at a strategic point in Midwest territory; of its first commanding officer, Capt. John Whistler, grandfather of James

McNeill Whistler; of its evacuation in 1812; of the subsequent massacre of its escaping occupants by the Indians; and finally of its re-establishment, continuing until 1837. It is perhaps a bit difficult for the visitor to conjure up in his mind the hardships of this primitive life; he is apt to cloak the trials with glamour and romance. It is probable that not until he stands inside the grounds of the fort will he realize the privations, the stark, gripping drama of the life within its log walls. The old fort has been duplicated exactly, from the blockhouses in the two corners to the outside well; from the swaying flagpole to the smallest bullet mold displayed in the powder magazine. On the walls of the officers' quarters hang photostatic copies of the map of the old fort and of historical records and documents of the period. The bunks, suspended one above another, have rope bottoms. Furnishings, all of which are over one hundred years old, are placed in the living-quarters—beds with rope bottoms, small trundle beds, large corner cupboards, pewter dishes, chairs, tables, and fire-arms. In the contractor's store is a sample of one day's ration for a soldier—one pound of flour, one pound of meat, one-half gill of whiskey, a small piece of soap, some salt, and some vinegar. Iron, copper, and brass cooking utensils hang about the large stone fireplaces. An oxen yoke made in Allentown, Pennsylvania, in 1800, stands outside the store. In the walls of the blockhouses are slits through which the soldiers fired on the enemy. Let the modern man study very closely, if he will, the details of the old fort so faithfully reproduced for him; let him realize, then, what progress science has made possible within the short span of one hundred years.

The visitor who walks the short distance from Old Fort Dearborn to the group of Lincoln buildings will find further examples of pioneer life. First, he enters the duplicate of the log cabin where Lincoln was born. One tiny room with a door, one window, and a dirt floor—such was the first home of the Great Emancipator. Next, the home of the Lincoln family in Indiana—a log-cabin again, but



"Poor daddy! How his feet must hurt him! When he comes in late he always has to take his shoes off"

much larger this time, with four windows, a fireplace, a bed and a trundle bed, and a loft where Lincoln slept, climbing to it on wooden pegs driven into the log walls. Close to the Indiana home is the replica of the general store which Lincoln kept. Interesting objects on display here include a sauerkraut cutter, sausage cutters and stuffers. The fourth building is the Rutledge Tavern, a reproduction of the Inn frequented by Lincoln during the days of his romance with Ann Rutledge. The old-time dining-room is a cozy restaurant facing Lake Michigan. The last building of the group is the reproduction of the Wigwam, the convention hall where Lincoln was nominated for the Presidency. This is the only building of the group which has not been built according to scale, the size having been reduced to two-fifths of the original. The parlor of Lincoln's home in Springfield, where he was notified of his nomination, is reproduced here. The visitor, having in mind the two log-cabin homes of Lincoln, will note with interest the horsehair furniture, the figured carpet, and the curtains—prim elegance in contrast to the primitive discomforts of the earlier cabins.

HISTORY in the making, as well as history of the past, is met with at the Fair. Adventure has come sailing over the waves on Byrd's South Pole ship, the *City of New York*. Four men of Admiral Byrd's original crew, who are on board the ship as she rides at her berth in Fair waters, tell thrilling tales of the dangerous, exciting expedition. Some of the ship's exhibits include a model of *Little America*, and samples of the concentrated foods eaten and the kinds of clothing worn on the journey. Of course everyone will be interested in the stuffed penguin, that storied bird which has been called the Charlie Chaplin of the Antarctic because of its peculiar walk.

The visitor may turn for a time from science and history to find diversion and entertainment in the amusements and restaurants of the Fair. Special amusements for children are found in the Wonderland on Northerly Island. Here they may put on costumes of Indians, cowboys, soldiers, and the like; they may ride on miniature buses; they may see puppet shows, clowns, and magicians. They may drive tiny automobiles, or they may play at making toys. Further amusements are located on the mainland on the "Midway," the name used because of its association with the 1893 Fair. The adult, as well as the youngest child, will revel in "Bozo," the monster dragon, the "Cyclone," and "Hey Dey." He will probably be found at odd moments testing his marksmanship with a shotgun in successful or, perhaps, vain attempts to knock over ducks and rabbits. The Alligator Farm is a spectacular point of interest on the "Midway." Seminole Indians wrestle with alligators in a tropical setting of coconut palms, native flowering plants, flamingoes, and other Florida birds and beasts. A bathing-beach and a dancing pavilion furnish other forms of diversion. All kinds of restaurants are scattered here and there through the grounds—Old Heidelberg Inn, with its outdoor beer garden, and the Adobe Restaurant, modeled after adobe huts, to mention only two.

Entertainment of a more serious nature is provided by the music of A Century of Progress. Every single day during the 150 days of the Fair's active existence will be marked by some delightful musical demonstration. Orchestra, singing, brass band—no matter what the visitor's taste, he will hear music to his liking. Noted musical organizations have planned the program and intend to participate actively in the Exposition.

On the very doorstep, as it were, of A Century of Progress stand four of Chicago's most notable permanent structures. The Soldiers' Field Stadium, with its vast colonnade is a perfect example of classic architecture. The Field Museum of Natural History is one of the world's greatest scientific museums. The Shedd Aquarium, the largest and finest in the

(Continued on page 46)

How Can I—a Business Man—Really Learn Law at Home?

YOU are not alone in asking that. Practically every man has seen where knowing law would have helped his success. The structure of business is held together by legal relations—and the man who knows law has a distinct advantage—for himself and his firm.

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You can't go back to school or spend years in a law office. But there is one road open to you—*home study*—a road that some of the greatest leaders have traveled—men like Lincoln, Grant, Disraeli, John Marshall, Coolidge—who mastered this important subject in hours that otherwise would have been wasted.

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You are quite wise in asking these questions—in holding your decision until they are answered.

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Third: Since text books are of such importance in any study of law, the LaSalle Law Library was prepared by more than twenty law professors—leading teachers in our greatest resident law schools—and three lawyers. Five of these professors—including the editor-in-chief

—have been deans of their schools. One of the editors is now president of a great state university. Also, among the writers of the special lectures are two U. S. Senators, a former U. S. attorney-general, and a Supreme Court Justice of the State of New York.

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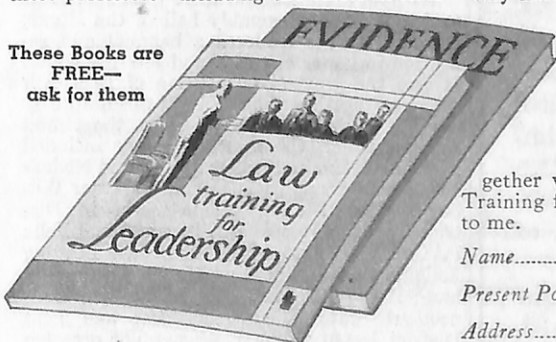
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To All Members

CONGRESS has just enacted a law making it compulsory for postmasters to charge publishers two cents for every change of address filed with the Post-office.

This law will place an annual expense of several thousand dollars on THE ELKS MAGAZINE unless every member will immediately notify THE ELKS MAGAZINE or his Lodge Secretary as to his change of address.

Please cooperate with your Lodge Secretary in this regard, and notify him at once of your new address.

(Continued from page 45)

world, is but a step from the Twelfth Street entrance to the Exposition. On the northern end of Northerly Island is the Adler Planetarium and Astronomical Museum, the only planetarium in America, with a miraculously simple yet accurately scientific display of the heavens. It is possible, by means of the planetarium instruments, to project the exact positions of the sun, moon, planets, and stars at any past, present, or future time in the world's history.

Those who saw the Columbian Exposition in 1893 will be particularly interested in the Museum of Science and Industry housed in the remodeled Fine Arts Building of the 1893 Fair, located in Jackson Park. Various scientific principles and inventions which have a close relation to the Century of Progress exhibits are demonstrated in the museum.

No individual visiting the Fair can fail to note the contrasts in architecture afforded by the buildings. Just outside the gates stand the Field Museum and Soldiers' Field Stadium, purely and austere classical. The Maya Buildings show a perfection in stone construc-

tion during what we are accustomed erroneously to regard as an uncivilized period of the New World's life; the varying Indian homes are cruder, and serve to represent types of architecture existing in early North America. The Golden Pavilion of Jehol rises bright in the sunshine as representative of Chinese architecture of the eighteenth century. Fort Dearborn and the Lincoln Group illustrate the lowly log structures of Midwest pioneer America. Finally, the majority of the buildings of A Century of Progress—demonstrating in their simple and artful design and in the varying materials used in their construction, the most modern ideas of present-day architecture. These contrasts are interesting as architectural reflections of the ideas and tastes of man in widely different ages and stages.

July 21, 1933, is Elks' Day at A Century of Progress. Arrangements are being completed for transportation from Milwaukee, the 1933 convention city, to Chicago for this official visiting day. Attractions of special interest to Elks and their families are being planned for that day, in addition to the permanently interesting features of the Exposition.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 24)

James R. Nicholson; Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Grand Esquire Henry C. Warner; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Ernest M. Torbet; Past District Deputies William A. Robinson and James J. Butler; and Past Presidents of the Massachusetts State Elks Association Edwin K. McPeck, P. J. Garvey and Charles S. Riley. After being presented by Exalted Ruler Healy with a beautiful silver pitcher, Judge Thompson, accompanied by the Hartford delegation, set out for the Home of No. 19.

With an attendance of more than 450, overtaxing the large assembly hall of the Home, Hartford Lodge tendered a banquet and reception in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler. It was the greatest outpouring of Elks ever gathered together at an affair of this nature by any Lodge in the state. Besides the Grand Exalted Ruler, the principal guests included Past Grand Exalted Rulers Malley and Nicholson, Grand Secretary Masters; Governor Wilbur L. Cross, Mayor William J. Rankin; District Deputies Joseph M. Fitzgerald and Felix P. Callahan; Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knights John D. Shea and Martin J. Cunningham; Roy R. Powers, President of the Connecticut State Elks Association; and Past District Deputy John J. Mack. The occasion was the 50th anniversary of the Lodge, and Past Grand Trustee Edward W. Cotter was chairman of the committee in charge. The Grand Lodge officers were his personal guests

while in Hartford, and before taking his leave of the city, the Grand Exalted Ruler took occasion to compliment the chairman on the arrangements and on the condition of the Lodge he represented.

Jacob Fletcher, the last surviving charter member of Hartford Lodge, was a special guest at the dinner. Mr. Fletcher, who was 85 years old, died a few days later.

Exalted Ruler Nicholas F. Rago was toastmaster at the dinner and the speakers included Governor Cross, Mayor Rankin, Grand Exalted Ruler Thompson and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Malley. The facilities of the Travelers Broadcasting Station, the largest in Connecticut, were placed at the disposal of the Lodge for a radio address by the Grand Exalted Ruler. The eleven o'clock toast was offered by State Association President Powers, who also made the presentation of a gift to the Grand Exalted Ruler.

At his next stop, two days later, the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest at a banquet and meeting at the Home of Scranton, Pa., Lodge, No. 123. More than 500 members, representing Scranton and thirty-five other Lodges, were present to give the guest of honor a rousing reception. Past District Deputy Joseph F. Conrad, Chairman of the general committee in charge, introduced Judge Thompson and the other distinguished visitors, while Past Exalted Ruler C. P. O'Malley acted as toastmaster. Judge A. A. Vosburg represented Mayor Fred

K. Derby, and made the address of welcome. Supreme Court Justice George W. Maxey was another speaker. Following the dinner there was a regular meeting of the Lodge, addressed by the Grand Exalted Ruler, after which supper and entertainment rounded out the evening. Among the more widely known Elks also present were Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Wilbur G. Warner, Gurney Afflerbach and Henry L. Coira; Past District Deputy Thomas Giles; the following Past Presidents of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association. George J. Post, S. Clem Reichard, Dr. E. L. Davis; W. S. Gould, Secretary of the State Association and Scott E. Drum, Chairman of the Welfare Committee of the State Association. Judge M. F. Sando, a Past Exalted Ruler and charter member, headed the reception committee.

The next day, at the Home of Sharon, Pa., Lodge, No. 103, the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party, which included Grand Secretary Masters and his assistant, F. J. Schrader, were guests at a banquet and initiation of the Pennsylvania, Northwest, Association. Arriving at Sharon in the morning, the guests were escorted to their hotel and then accompanied on a visit to the Home of nearby Youngstown, O., Lodge, No. 55, where they were greeted by a considerable gathering. On the return to Sharon, Judge Thompson presented Eagle Scout badges to two members of the Boy Scout Troop sponsored by Sharon Lodge. At the banquet that evening, at which Frank J. Lyons, President of the Northwest Association, presided as toastmaster, some 300 Elks were present. Judge Thompson made a brief address before the gathering adjourned, in parade formation and headed by the band of the Antlers Lodge sponsored by Warren, O., Lodge, No. 205, to the Junior High School Auditorium. Here the diners were joined by some 700 other members assembled to take part in the joint meeting and initiation. The officers of Sharon Lodge, who opened the meeting, relinquished their chairs to those of Warren, Pa., Lodge, No. 223, for the conduct of the initiatory ceremonies at which a class of approximately fifty candidates were inducted into various Lodges of the District. After this Mr. Lyon again presented the Grand Exalted Ruler, who gave an inspiring talk. Other speakers were Grand Secretary Masters and Past District Deputy James B. Borland, who served the entire state in 1890 and 1891, and the western half in 1892, after it was divided. A great many distinguished Elks were present and all in all thirty-nine Lodges were

represented, including each of the nineteen in the Northwest District. Among the well known individuals who attended, in addition to those already mentioned, were District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Francis Benson and John N. Mark; Past District Deputies John F. Austin, C. S. Brown, Matthew A. Riley, Joseph Riesenman, Jr., W. C. De Armand and J. G. Bohlender; District Presidents James A. Ellis and C. O. Morris and Past State Elks Association Presidents John F. Nugent, George F. J. Falkenstein and M. F. Horne.

On March 2 Judge Thompson was the guest of Baltimore, Md., Lodge, No. 7, at a banquet attended by State and municipal leaders, by more than 300 members of No. 7 and by the officers and large delegations from many surrounding Lodges, including Washington, D. C., and Wilmington, Del., and Annapolis, Havre de Grace, Hagerstown, Frederick, Crisfield, Cumberland, Towson, Frostburg, Salisbury and Cambridge, Md. Hon. Eugene O'Dunne, a Past Exalted Ruler of Baltimore Lodge and a member of the Supreme Bench of Baltimore City, was toastmaster. The speakers included, besides Judge Thompson, Governor Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland, Mayor Howard W. Jackson of Baltimore and G. Melvin Todd, Exalted Ruler of No. 7. The Grand Exalted Ruler was presented by George T. Evans, on behalf of Baltimore Lodge, with a handsome silver set. Among the distinguished guests were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rush L. Holland; Grand Trustee A. Charles Stewart; Past Grand Trustee Henry W. Mears; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Adolph C. Braun; Alfred W. Gaver, President of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association; Ambrose J. Kennedy, Member of Congress from Maryland; Hon. Albert S. J. Owens, of the Supreme Bench of Baltimore; E. Lester Muller, President of the City Council, and the Exalted Rulers of all the Lodges in the District.

The next day Judge Thompson attended a luncheon in Washington as the guest of the officers and Past Exalted Rulers of Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15. Past Grand Tiler John E. Lynch was toastmaster and chairman of the committee in charge. Among the widely known Elks present were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning and Murray Hulbert; Robert S. Barrett, member of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, and Exalted Ruler Leonard M. Gawler, of No. 15. Judge Thompson the next day reviewed the inaugural parade from seats in the Court of Honor Grandstand provided by Mr. Lynch, and on March 5th left for Chicago.

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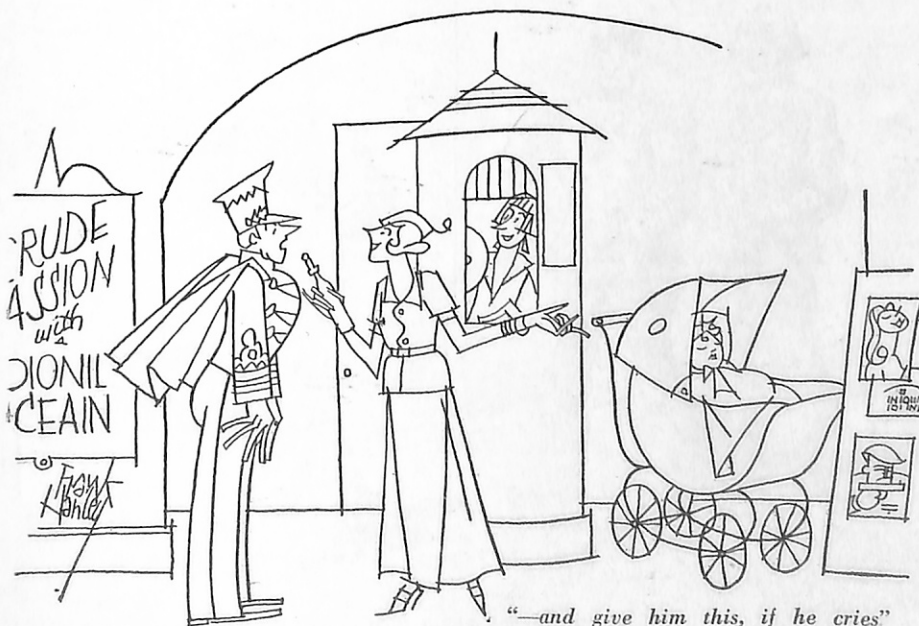
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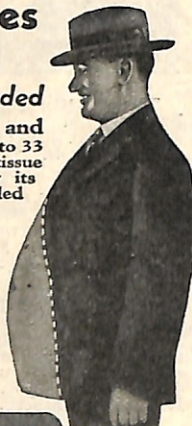
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No Dieting No Exercise—No Drugs

Director is easy and comfortable to wear. It applies a gentle, changing pressure upon the fat at the waistline and produces results similar to massage. Director actually causes excess fat to be absorbed and eliminated.

This remarkable belt improves your appearance the moment you put it on. Note how much better your clothes fit and look without a heavy waistline to pull them out of shape.

See how naturally and comfortably you attain a more erect carriage and enjoy a new feeling of ease and comfort and lightness when the overworked abdominal muscles are properly supported. Director puts snap in your step, helps to relieve "shortness of breath," renews your vigor. You look and feel 10 years younger.

Loose, fallen abdominal muscles go back where they belong. Then the movements of your body cause a gentle, changing pressure on the abdomen, bringing results similar to regular massage. Thus, Director aids nature to promote regularity without the use of harsh, irritating cathartics.

SENT ON TRIAL

Let us prove our claims. We will send a Director on trial. If you don't get results you owe nothing. You don't risk a penny. Write for trial offer, doctors' endorsements and letters from users.

Mail the Coupon NOW!

LANDON & WARNER Dept. K-49
360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation on my part please send me details of your trial offer.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

The Care of Crippled Children in New York

(Continued from page 24)

organization of one full-time orthopedist, four part time orthopedists, one supervising orthopedic nurse, and nineteen orthopedic nurses. In the last year the nursing staff made a total of 17,544 visits to patients.

A summer course of instruction has been maintained at the Teachers' Training College in Buffalo.

The New York State Reconstruction Home at West Haverstraw has been enlarged, and at the present time is valued at \$3,000,000, and the expenditure on this plant alone in 1932 was \$1,286,360.71.

The significant feature about these cases is that they represent a State-wide service extending from the most remote rural sections to our large urban centers. This point is a true measure of the success of any State plan. Formerly, when the work was under the direction of local groups, the service had to be confined largely to the city areas because of accessibility and cost. Incidentally, much of the service included in the table above consists of long-period cases which is a costly item and

would have been prohibitive for many of these children if they had been depending solely upon local resources.

Fraternal groups have been able to realize the fulfillment of these social service programs in a manner far beyond the means of their budget allowances, yet they have been able to keep active, original interests and use their own resources in the most profitable manner by securing services, comforts and necessities not otherwise included in the State plan.

The Order of Elks can, at a minor cost to itself, continue to supply the summer outings and theatre parties, and occasionally supply glasses or braces and special shoes, while waiting for court orders to be approved.

They can also report when they discover cases not being cared for in accordance with the State plan, as well as assist in placing those who have been rehabilitated into positions of employment.

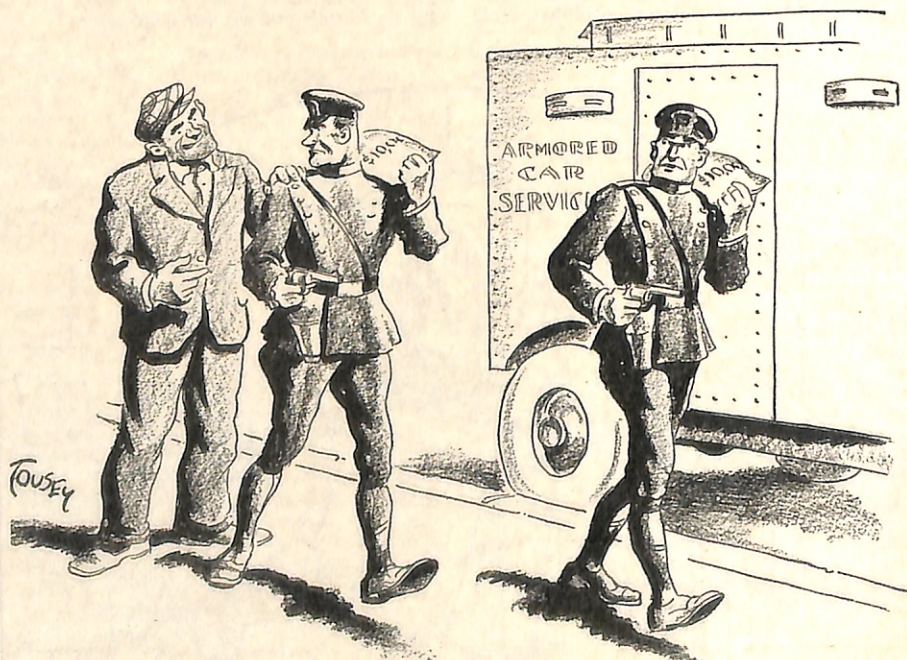
New York has gone on record as being the first State to throw the canopy of protection over the physically handicapped children.

News of the State Associations

The following State Associations have scheduled annual conventions to be held at the place and on the dates named below:

Alabama—at Mobile, May 14-15-16.
California—at Long Beach, October 12-13-14.
Colorado—at Boulder, August 28-29.
Connecticut—at New Haven, June 10.
Georgia—at Brunswick, May 22-23.
Idaho—at Yellowstone National Park, date undecided.
Illinois—at Streator, June 8-9-10.
Indiana—at Michigan City, June 14-15-16.
Iowa—at Shenandoah, in September.
Kansas—at Great Bend, May 14-15-16.
Kentucky—at Henderson, May 29. (Date tentative.)
Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia—at Frederick, August 15-16-17.
Massachusetts—at Haverhill, in June.
Michigan—at Saginaw, June 12-13.

Minnesota—at Rochester, August 6-7-8.
Mississippi—at Jackson, June 6-7.
Montana—at Dillon, August 17-18-19.
Nevada—at Elko, in late August or early September.
New York—at Rochester, June 4-5-6-7.
North Carolina—at Asheville, in May.
North Dakota—at Williston, in June.
Ohio—at Cedar Point, August 27-28-29-30-31, September 1.
Oklahoma—at El Reno, September 4-5-6.
Pennsylvania—at Altoona, August 21-22-23-24.
South Carolina—at Columbia, in June.
South Dakota—at Watertown, June 4-5.
Texas—at Dallas, May 26-27-28.
Vermont—at Burlington, October 1.
Virginia—at Lynchburg, August 7-8.
Washington—at Everett, June 17-18.
Wisconsin—at Milwaukee, July 16-17.



"Where c'n I get a gun like that?"

Always adding oil?



*"And then I went back
to QUAKER STATE..."*

Are you always adding quarts?

Here is an actual experiment by a Los Angeles owner:

"In local driving, I always have to add a quart of high-grade Pennsylvania oil every 200 miles. Recently, I made a round trip from Los Angeles to New York City.

"On this trip, I started using Quaker State. I drove from Hollywood, Cal. to Rolla, Mo., about 2,280 miles; averaged 450 miles a day and used only one quart of oil. Temperature ranged as high as 117°. The pressure never dropped below 30 lbs.

"On my way back, I was persuaded to fill with another brand of oil. In 50 miles, the oil pressure dropped to 20. I drained, and refilled with Quaker State. The oil pressure then came up to 30 lbs. and stayed there.

"In 26 years, I have never experienced as good results from motor oil as I am getting with Quaker State."

For mileage, for freedom from worry, experiment yourself. Learn the meaning of:

*... that extra quart of lubrication
in every gallon.*

**YOU GET
REAL ECONOMY
WITH
THAT EXTRA QUART**

.1.

On Your Repairs

Well-lubricated engines seldom need repairs. Piston-rings stand up better. Cylinder walls remain smooth. Bearings function properly. Result: lowered repair bills, smoother operation... with Quaker State.

.2.

On Your Oil

Ordinary motor oil averages a quart or more of "light-end" oil per gallon. This burns up in high-speed, high-compression motors... and blows away. You pay for something you do not get.

Quaker State removes this "light-end" material at the refinery. Not a drop of it ever reaches your motor. Every gallon of Quaker State is 4 quarts of motor-lubricant, net. No adding of oil to make up for light-end wastage.

.3.

On Your Mileage

Owner after owner writes us of the unusual... indeed, almost incredible... number of miles he gets out of his car with Quaker State. Trouble-free miles. Car worth more at trade-in.

If you want to make your present car last longer, switch to Quaker State. It's genuine economy in car-operation!

Look for the Quaker State sign. Most places now supply Quaker State from the patented green-and-white drum... double-sealed at the refinery. Quaker State Oil Refining Co., Oil City, Pa.

QUAKER STATE

Motor Oils

AND SUPERFINE GREASES USED IN CARS ON THE ELK'S TOUR



BURNING OVEN

STEAKS COOK
BUT THE MAN LIVES..



ILLUSION:

A roaring fire was built in an oven...the temperature rose to 600° F. Into the oven walked the "fire" king, M. Chabert, carrying several raw steaks. A few minutes later the doors were flung wide and out he stepped...safe and sound...with the steaks thoroughly cooked.

EXPLANATION:

Heat rises. When Chabert entered the oven he hung the steaks *above* the fire, then dropped to the floor at the *side*, covering his head with a hood made from his shirt. He breathed through small air holes in the floor.

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IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED ...IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

"The Burning Oven" is an old illusion which has played a leading rôle in cigarette advertising. Its modern name is "Heat Treatment."

EXPLANATION: All cigarette manufacturers use heat treatment. The first Camel cigarette was manufactured under the heat-treating process. Every one of the billions of Camels pro-

duced since has received the necessary heat treatment.

Harsh, raw tobaccos require intensive processing under high temperatures. The more expensive tobaccos, which are naturally *mild*, call for only a moderate application of heat.

It is a fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

Try Camels...always fresh, in the air-tight, welded Humidor Pack.

KEPT FRESH
IN THE WELDED
HUMIDOR PACK



**NO TRICKS...
JUST COSTLIER
TOBACCOS**

IN A MATCHLESS BLEND